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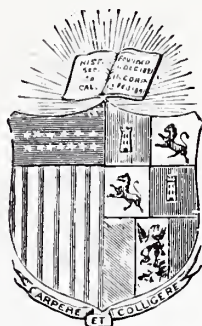
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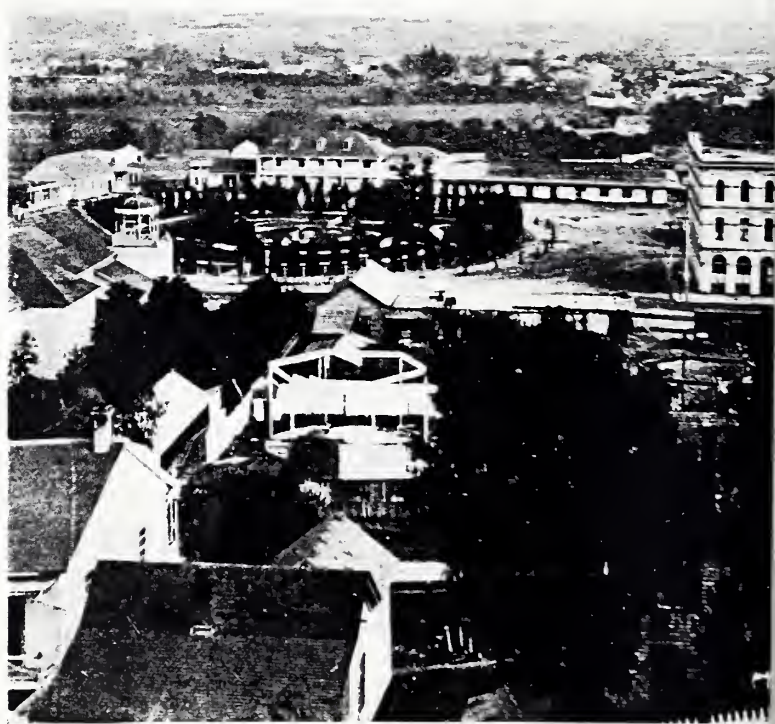
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The Last of Adobe Days in El Pueblo de Los Angeles. The Plaza District in the Early Seventies.

IN PURSUIT OF VANISHED DAYS

Visits to the Extant Historic Adobe Houses
of Los Angeles County

Part I*

By MARION PARKS

Crumbling adobe walls, stark and abandoned, inch by inch giving way before the driving onslaught of the winter rains—I used to see them near the highway, melancholy remnants of forgotten households. To me they became symbols of vanished California days, of the Age of Adobe, which like its mud walls, melted away, yielding inch by inch before the bewildering onslaught of the Yankee strangers.

Under the red and yellow newness of New England architecture wrought in brick and wood, the adobes lay smothered, forgotten, decaying. Sometimes the fire hose was called into action to eliminate them from the path of progress. It seemed as though none could escape the combined ravages of enterprise and carelessness. But presently the tide ebbed a little; things slowed down enough to allow occasional moments of reflection, and out of the past the romantic tales of the “Dons” caught the modern fancy. Landmarks took a new lease on existence under the selfless labors of ardent and practical historians, but still the domestic adobes, genuine monuments to the life that produced our most cherished traditions of romance and hospitality and happiness under the California sun, have received only casual attention. Even the current enthusiasm for the Spanish in architecture has leapfrogged back to Spanish and Mexican-Colonial prototypes, ignoring much that is charming and useable in the simple, sturdy forms devised by the first Spanish builders of California.

Here and there, though, some one will mention an old adobe they have seen or heard of or remembered. The fugitive references goaded my imagination. I began to wonder how many of the originals had really survived the heavy-handed years.

* Part II will appear in the 1929 Publication of the Historical Society of Southern California.



Scene at a modern fiesta at the Avila Adobe, now the center of a renewed historical interest. "I sensed the spirit of a happy, unhurried time—."

At the outset I must express my thanks to Mrs. Florence Dodson Schoneman. When I first mentioned my curiosity in this matter, she encouraged me, and out of hand named the first half-dozen adobes that started me off on my quest. In a few days she called up to mention others. Counting the well-known domestic landmarks from Santa Barbara to Old Town the number was going up toward twenty. It was a jolly start for my little armchair exploration. But hearsay proves no more of houses than it does of people, particularly when one knows, as I know now, the precarious tenure the ancient adobes hold on life.

Fortified with a few gallons of gasoline, an old camera and a notebook, I started out to see adobes through no eyes but my own, indulging the cheerful expectation of finding them all in the spare time of a month or so. C sanguine hope! How monstrously I underestimated the enduring qualities of adobe and the enterprise of the old-time *rancheros*. After a few days of sight-seeing I began

to draw in the boundaries of my field of exploration. They shrank until now they are identical with those of Los Angeles County. My task became shaped in definite outline—to find and see and identify as far as possible the extant historic adobes within this area, and its fascination increased as steadily as the speedometer clicked off the miles. Now the red tenths have turned the black numbers up for over 1000 miles—I have backtracked more than once—and on my roadmap X marks the spot for sixty-five adobes. To learn in complete and picturesque detail the histories of them all will require more than the spare time of almost anyone.

My method was empirical. I followed tips and rumors from a surprising variety of sources, and drifted into towns and out of towns, down alleys, and up cañons, on the pavement and off, like a prospector in the lure of El Dorado. From a known number of ten I proceeded deviously to the unknown—a quantity that increased beyond my most extravagant expectation.

The romance of a forgotten, colorful time wove a bright pattern through the days of my quest. Adventure seemed to await at the threshold of every adobe. There was mystery in the old walls, holding in eternal trust the echoes of domestic dramas of yesterday.

Tolerance and courtesy were happily my portion at every door; many were opened to me with hospitality equaling the open-handed tradition of the ranchos. Large-hearted women permitted my invasion with pleasant words, and conducted me into parlor and bedroom and kitchen, pointing out and explaining details of the ancient, and showing the old made new. When I encountered actual owners, the information I received was usually coherent and dependable, but the testimony of neighbors, ranch hands, and lessees would make every adobe one hundred glamorous years of age at the very least.

At the adobes of Sonora Town surprise showed often upon the faces of those who opened their doors to the rattling clamor of my knock, for doorbells are infrequent there. Possibly the quizzical expressions that met me were engendered by my Spanish, which tends to be erratic when

rushed, but anyway, the inhabitants unfailingly heard n out with courteous attention, and when a mutual understanding seemed finally to have been effected, there would be much obliging rummaging among shelves and boxes and other things, ending at last in the triumphant production of the rent receipt to show me the landlord's name. Behind adobe walls north of the Plaza Spanish is still the native tongue, and ideas of spelling are extremely hazy—not even phonetic.

Once only did I retire nonplussed from an adobe doorway, three doorways in one adobe, to be exact, on North Spring Street, where neither Spanish nor English could break into the blank and uncomprehending silence of the Japanese barbers and their retainers who hold forth the today. Adobe walls, shiny-haired Japanese in white coats the twirling red, white, and blue of an American barber posing under a roof that shelters the side-walk in the manner of a century gone by!

While one at length becomes almost able to sniff an adobe from afar, some of the old houses are not easily recognized at the first glance. A few are so altered with wooden facing and additions that their adobe nature and historic quality may be proved by processes of induction alone. The site of the *casas de campo*, or country house is nearly always marked by a group of tall old trees—cypress or olive, or gum. Often great feathery peppers form a half-circle behind them. Nearly always there are olive and pomegranate trees, sometimes whole rows of them. Occasionally there will be an ancient orange, or a clambling, uncultivated rose vine, heavy with its multitudinous leaves and infrequent ragged blossoms.

In the abandoned adobes I felt a Presence, perhaps it was the voiceless echoes of the past. I sensed the spirit of a happy, unhurried time, when everybody lived comfortably in the knowledge that tomorrow would come along unfailingly, just as good a day as today, and people were contented in the honest simplicity of an honest time. But too, imagining away the modern surroundings, I saw how terribly alone the old houses were, among the wide valleys and rugged hills, scarcely ever one within sight of another.



The Plaza and the Church of our Lady the Queen of the Angels. "After the heedless flood had passed by some of the spirit of the old days was left there after all."

Small wonder that large families were popular and that each rancho became a little community in itself. And with all that vast choice of hill and cañon and plain, one wonders what things determined the choice of each site. What lordly right and magnificent bounty, to ride a-horseback over lands too vast to be measured in acres, but counted off in leagues, to choose one's house site. It seems as though one might be assailed by a horrible indecision in the face of such an unlimited selection. Available water and protection from Indians and elements doubtless were more important factors in those days than a good view or a handsome situation, but the old builders often managed excellently well to combine all three, and from the ancient *corredores*¹ one may look out on vistas unsurpassed, picture landscapes in the velvet-soft colors of Southern California.

With the site selected the building of the house might

1. The verandah typical of the Alta California adobe style.

proceed at once. No need of awaiting dilatory contractor or elusive building supplies harassed the ranchero. He brought his Indian workmen to the spot, and out of the soil itself they produced his house, great or small, according to the dimensions he marked off with no other instrument than his straight eye and long stride.

While the large adobe bricks lay drying in the sun he would seek the lumber for door and window frames and for the roof beams. In the early days, these timbers were of necessity sought in the hills. The big trees were felled by the Indians and dragged toilsomely down the mountain side, then hand-hewn into the needed forms. Wood was sometimes so scarce and dear that stiff rawhides were used for doors and window shutters. By 1800 the Boston ship began to find their way to California, and came more and more often with their curiously assorted cargoes. Along with silks and combs and fans they brought finished lumber from the sawmills of New England. Doubtless a great part of the finished wood in adobes built between 1825 and 1850 in Los Angeles came from this far-flung source. The industrious and sombre Mormons who had settled at San Bernardino opened a sawmill in 1851, and it became their custom to bring wagonloads of lumber across the desert to peddle it about the town of Los Angeles along with their butter and eggs.¹

The earliest adobes were extremely simple in design, consisting ordinarily of a single series of one-story rooms covered with a flat roof—a rectangular figure proportioned rather like a shoe-box. The walls were from two to three feet thick, pierced by numerous doors and windows. For many years the prevailing roofing material was *brea* or asphalt, which boiled up from natural springs, such as the famous pits at Rancho La Brea, west of Los Angeles. Every citizen helped himself, and the springs were held as a public possession even after the rancho was granted to private ownership. With tedious and groaning effort the

¹In a letter to her sister, dated July 11, 1852, Mrs. Benjamin Hayes describes her Los Angeles home, and says—"We will have a plank floor after a while, it is impossible to get plank here now. . . . Mr. Hayes will see about getting lumber to fix our house out at the Mormons."

p. 90, *Pioneer Notes: Diaries of Judge Benjamin Hayes*, Marjorie Tisdale Wolcott, Editor, Los Angeles, 1929.

tar was transported to Los Angeles via *carreta*, and there a smoking cauldron might always be seen in action at one place or another. Well into the American period the professional *brea* roof-mender was a familiar figure about the town.

The *brea* was applied over a layer of matted *tule* fibre placed directly on the planks that formed the ceiling. It was then covered with a thin coating of adobe soil. Natural unprocessed asphalt was neither sun nor rain proof. It melted and dripped off the eaves in summer and then the thin places leaked when it rained, so that as wood became gradually more plentiful, shake roofs sloping in the New England manner replaced the old flat roofs on one adobe after another.

Even at the Mission settlements tile was by no means as commonly used as modern restorations and reproductions might suggest. One house alone boasted a tile roof in Los Angeles. This was the adobe of Don Antonio Carrillo, that stood where Don Pío Pico's hotel towers beside the Plaza today. There were occasional tile floors, but even in the most respectable adobe homes clean-swept, hard-packed earth was for many years considered quite adequate.

Admiration more often than historical fact mothers the idea that the adobes were equipped with huge, cavernous fireplaces. Out of the sixty-five adobes I have visited in Los Angeles County, not a third have fireplaces at all and those I did discover were every one small, low affairs, with chimneys embodied in the wall. Fireplaces for heating purposes were rare. If a house did boast a fireplace it was usually in the *cocina*, designed for cooking. Otherwise cooking and baking and barbecuing were carried on out of doors. Southern California was really a desert country in those days, before the millions of cool lawns and umbrageous trees of today were ever dreamed of.

To live out of doors as much of the time as possible seemed quite the natural thing to the old Californians, and it was in the shelter of the *corredor* that they found protection from the dry, scintillating heat of the shadeless summer days as well as from the pelting rains of the brief wet season. Thus the useful *corredor* became a really delight-



Doña Encarnación Avila. "Even now, three-quarters of a century afterward, one still half expects to come upon her—."

ful feature of Alta California architecture. Its flat roof was invariably supported by slender uprights of wood; the arch was exclusively a feature of the Mission style, and never appeared in domestic structures. As shown in the earliest San Gabriel houses, the *corredor* did not make appearance generally until after wood began to be

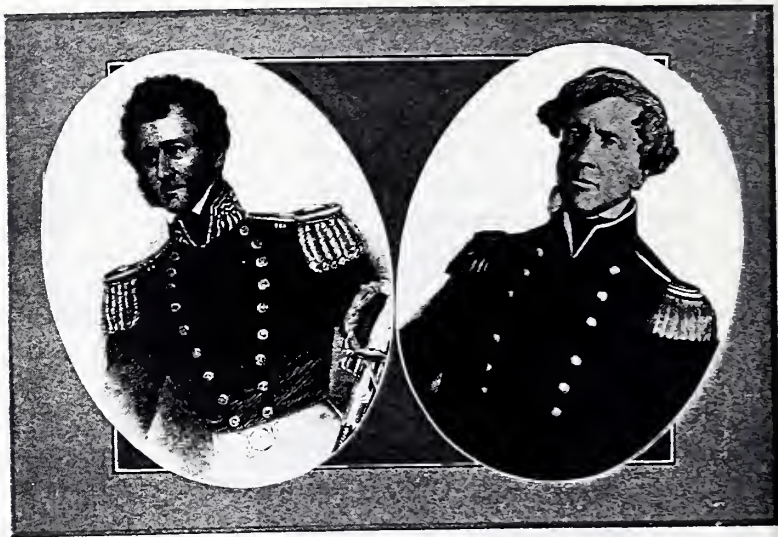
little more easily obtained. On the *corredor* the *brea* roof was used at first, then shakes and shingles. Often the beams of the *corredor* roof are merely extensions of the beams over the room behind it. The *corredor* took on many little vagaries of style and proportion, the woodwork growing more elaborate in design in the fifties and sixties, as material became available. The *corredor* is found extending along the house front, sheltering a walk around the patio, and finally, in the later period, running around three or even all four sides of the house, both upstairs and down.

The walls were built up of adobe bricks held together with mud mortar, their thickness depending on whether one, two, or three rows of bricks were used. Three-foot walls are found ordinarily only in the older houses. The average thickness is two feet to eighteen inches.

Sometimes the exterior walls were left unplastered, but customarily walls were finished inside and out with a fine white plaster, exceedingly thin, but also, extremely durable. The lime was made in primitive kilns in the hillsides of the San Fernando Valley. All plastered walls were smoothly finished and had a fine, softly irregular texture. Stucco and rough plasters were unknown.

Ceilings in the better finished houses were of wood, with beams exposed. The beams I have seen are mostly of "two-by-five" finished lumber, set on edge, hand-incised with narrow lengthwise grooves about a quarter of an inch from each side. These hand-cut grooves are sometimes slightly wavy, and the beams vary somewhat in size, showing the accidental irregularities of careful hand-incising. Often the whole ceiling was painted a lovely shade of medium green-blue, with a kind of kalsomine. This same color was extensively applied to the interior woodwork, which consisted, beside the unpainted pine floor, of a baseboard and a chair-board around *sala* and *comedor*, and door and window frames, including the heavy lintels and window seats.

Often in the old places, where there was a peaked roof, no wooden ceiling was used, but a kind of thin canvas was stretched from wall to wall in lieu of one. You could see through it up into the cavernous dark spaces beneath



Commodore R. F. Stockton and General S. W. Kearny (right), who as joint commanders of the forces which captured Los Angeles in 1847 used the Avila Adobe as headquarters.

the ridge-pole. In time it would sag, and from the mysterious shadows above, large spiders and similar insect visitors would drop down and wander about on its billowing surface. At one time such canvas ceilings were quite common in and about Los Angeles. I discovered several in my adobe quest, but they were in abandoned houses.

Practically without exception door and window frame were set into the *outside* walls, so that they presented a flat surface, with no ledges of adobe around these openings. Inside, the wall was cut away from the doors and casements at an angle of some 45 degrees, leaving a wide ledge or seat under each window and a deep, artistic doorway. Thus the interior wall is broken into a pleasing series of wide wall spaces and deep recesses in which the pane casements have an artistic value all their own.

All windows customarily were equipped with wooden shutters. In the older houses these are of solid wood, with simple paneling, put together with wooden pegs. Shutters were usually painted a dark blue-green. Grilles of wood or iron bars are found at some windows, but not always b

any means. Often in the big rancho establishments there will be just one room with a barred window which may have been either the rancho jail or its little store.

In the Los Angeles district the adobes resolve themselves into four types:

1. the simple rectangular one-story form, with or without *corredores*, and occasionally with a lean-to kitchen,
2. the L-plan adobe, occasionally found without *corredores*, as in some of the *casas de pueblo*, or town houses,
3. the U-plan such as Los Cerritos,
4. the rectangular two-story style, with two-story *corredores* on three or four sides.

These houses were built for utility, within the limitations of a single building material, but the Alta Californians had the ability to make them charming at the same time. While one after another they seem to be alike, that is, each one merely a repetition of some customary form, they are never stereotyped, because the little individualities of design and the irregularities of hand construction have given to each one a texture and simple beauty of its own that cannot be duplicated.

Indeed I hold with the "Ranger", who wrote, "Sentimental writers speak of the 'Old mud hovels of the Spanish regime'. No greater libel was ever perpetrated on a comfortable house than to call one of those old models of cool comfort, one of our old first-class adobes, a hovel. The writer hereof, although no longer a man of war, . . . is ready and willing to maintain, on foot or on horseback, that one of our old respectable one-story adobes of the olden time was the most comfortable house, the most admirable piece of rural architecture that ever reared itself from the sacred soil of California.

"The writer stands by the adobe house as the coolest house, the warmest house, the cheapest house, and the most earthquake proof house (might as well try to shake down a haystack), and the best house for fandangos that ever existed in this old city, . . . Nothing but an adobe house could



Señor and Señora Ygnacio Del Valle of the old California aristocracy whose adobe home faced upon the Plaza.

have stood an old-fashioned fandango. . . Alas! Alas! we will never see the likes of them again.”¹

The following list of the extant adobes does not pretend to be a study of the ranchos or their history, but just an attempt to identify the old houses and see them in their relation to events and figures in the romantic pageant that the headlong years have swept so swiftly through our town.

EL PUEBLO—LOS ANGELES

The Plaza, treeless, dusty common that it was in the old days, was the original fashionable residential district of Los Angeles, and the fronts of the town houses of the Pueblo aristocracy—Carrillos, Sepúlvedas, Lugos, del Valle, Olveras, and Avilas—hemmed it irregularly, with fine disregard for right angles and straight lines.

The story of the little Plaza itself is as romantic and colorful a tale as can be told of any of our landmarks. The halcyon days of pastoral Spanish California were swept away forever as the forces of revolution, bridles jingling

¹Horace Bell, *Reminiscences of a Ranger*, p. 198.



"The Plaza, treeless, dusty common that it was in the old days, was the original fashionable residential district of Los Angeles—."

and spurs aflash, followed by the militant Gringo marching afoot with his brass band and blue uniforms, raised its yellow dust ominously. Never again could the Fiestas, the sports and the horse-racing that had gone on there be so carefree and lighthearted. The unsteady currents of a swiftly changing world swept unchecked over the little common, tearing out old things, thrusting in new, helter-skelter, and yet, after the heedless flood had passed by, some of the spirit of the old days was left there after all,—as though anchored to the staunch old Pueblo church, the few adobe houses, and the round green park that had emerged from the dusty, unadorned Plaza of old.

La Casa de Don Vicente Lugo

Throughout the years the adobe house of Don Vicente Lugo, once the Beau Brummel of the Pueblo, has stood silently overlooking the changing scene on the Plaza, as it silently stands there still. Strange things have happened to it at the hands of a succession of owners, since the day when it commanded distinction as one of the very few two-story houses in Los Angeles. It is still the only two-story *adobe* house within the city, although this fact can be proved by processes of induction alone, so well covered are all the original walls with a modern sheathing of wood.



Old Lugo Adobe, facing the Plaza, as it appeared in the late eighties. It is still the only two story adobe now standing in Los Angeles which dates from the Mexican era.

The house was probably built before 1840. Originally a two-story *corredor*, supported by slender wooden posts, ran along the front of the house, and, apparently, extended along the rear wall also. It was a very large house for its day, more imposing than any other on the Plaza. The roof at first was flat and covered with *brea*. The high shingled roof with its dormer windows was added at a later date, some fifty years ago.

About 1850 Don Vicente retired to his San Antonio Rancho, and when in 1867 St. Vincent's, Los Angeles' first college, was founded, Don Vicente donated the house on the Plaza for its first home.

The roof and dormer windows are the same today as they were fifty years ago, but otherwise the old house has been the subject, bit by bit, of a strange mutation. Only a trace—the middle section—of the old upstairs *corredor* remains, both ends having been walled in to form additional rooms. The house wall on the first floor has been overlaid with brick. A stairway springs upward from what was the wide *entrada* of the house. The upright posts, now covered with an extra wooden facing painted red and gray, still support the old balcony, but a cement sidewalk has engulfed

their bases and covered over the dirt floor of the shaded *corredor* retreat where busy Chinese and sight-seeing Americans now retrace, all unaware, the footsteps of vanished *caballeros* and their ladies.

La Casa de Doña Encarnación Avila—14, 16, 18 Olvera St.

This important adobe, which stands a few rods northwest of the Lugo house, has been preserved almost miraculously throughout the changes that have obliterated other landmarks, and its appearance has been altered but little since the exciting day in 1847 when Commodore Stockton appropriated it for his Headquarters.

It is without doubt the oldest house in Los Angeles, dating back to about 1818, and it alone remains in unaltered form to represent the homes of the first citizens of Los Angeles. The building was originally L shaped, and more than twice as long as it now is, with one wing facing on Marchessault Street. It consisted of two contiguous rows of high-ceiled, spacious rooms, the inner series opening by means of numerous doors and windows upon a *corredor* facing



Avila Adobe as it appears today.

the patio, and the other giving on to a wider *corredor* parallel to the street. Today one ascends three or four rickety steps to reach the front door, but this elevation is due to street grading done in recent years.

The old house was a mansion of its day, its thick adobe walls sheltering rich furnishings, mostly imported from France, with gorgeous satin damask hangings at the tall, deep-set windows. Evidence of its former elegance was found recently in the garden, when a few fine old incised tiles were dug up.

For 110 years the adobe has been continuously in the possession of the Avilas and the Rimpau family, their descendants, and the proud personality of Doña Encarnación, first mistress, seems ineffably a part of its atmosphere. Even now, three-quarters of a century afterward, one still half expects to come upon her, sitting placidly by a window in her lace cap and satin dress, just beyond the next doorway.

The old home with its historic associations, is one of Los Angeles' most valuable landmarks, but no effort has been made to preserve it, and little encouragement or recognition, except from individuals, has been offered to the descendants of Doña Encarnación who have maintained it in spite of the various agencies that have been urging its destruction since 1906. It has remained for one valiant woman, throwing the whole weight of a vital personality into the project, to finally rescue the house—by only a few hours—from being razed to make room for a gasoline service station. In this Mrs. Christine Sterling has proven herself a practical and effective historian, and with the cooperation of the owners of the house, and a small group of business men and women who appreciate the value of history she has succeeded in beginning the rehabilitation of this precious relic of the Old Days. Now, after twenty-five years of neglect, a flag flies from its porch, and it knows again the echoing footsteps of many visitors. Of all the adobe landmarks in Los Angeles County that merit attention and preservation the Avila house has been the longest in receiving its due . . . even now aid comes slowly, but it

to be hoped that at last it faces a brighter future and an indefinitely prolonged existence.

The Houses of Sonora Town

As the Pueblo enlarged, and the American invasion progressed, the conservative native population tended to cluster their homes in the district north of the Plaza, known then and now as Sonora Town. A few of their adobe houses remain.

New High and Old Streets

A delightful little house on the northeast corner, probably built between 1850 and 1860. Formerly a *corredor* extended along the front, as protruding beam ends still attest. Interesting door and window frames of Georgian design perhaps originated in New England and came round the Horn long ago in some "Boston ship." A year ago it was mustard yellow. Now the plastered surface is pink—the bright pink of two-for-a-penny marshmallow candy.

Number 708 New High Street

Evidently of ancient vintage but not noteworthy architecturally or historically. 664½ N. Spring Street also falls in this category.

630 Castelar Street

An interesting reminder of the time when Castelar Street was called *Calle de los Toros*, and bull fights were held near the site of the present French Hospital on the afternoons of fiesta days.

Una Casa de Don José Mascarel—721 Castelar Street

A dilapidated old place, with one wall crumbling, and a sagging roof. It is still in possession of the family of Don José Mascarel, a picturesque sea captain of Marseilles, who became one of the first mayors of Los Angeles, and was a pioneer speculator in local real estate.

La Casa Santa Cruz—728 North Broadway

This house was bought in 1864 from Benito Valle by Señora Ysabel Santa Cruz. It was not new at that time. It



Old Mascarel Adobe.

is typically an adobe town house, more of the Mexican than of the Californian style, having no *corredor* along the front with a wide hallway or *zaguán* leading from the street straight through the house to the secluded patio. It is a trim, quaint little house, caught tightly between the ugly walls of brick neighbors. The door and window headers, arched in Classical design, are of well-finished Boston importation lumber.

La Casa Santa Cruz—643 North Broadway

Doña Ysabel Santa Cruz bought this second adobe from Don José Mascarel in the early sixties, but it was probably one of the oldest houses on Buena Vista Street then. It is built on an L plan with *corredores* facing the street and the patio. Wood used in the construction is of the rough two-by-four variety that then formed the staple supply.

La Casa de Don Rafael Gallardo—649 North Broadway

Separated from the patio of the house of Doña Ysabel



Santa Cruz Adobe, 728 North Broadway.

by a lazily sagging fence, stands a charming ash-rose adobe trimmed with bright green in the taste of its present-day inhabitants. The deed to this property, which was sold January 16, 1860, by Rafael Gallardo and his wife Ascención Cota de Gallardo, to Juan Ducou (a Frenchman who came in from San Francisco) for \$458.00, illustrates the easy-going methods of the time in regard to description of property. The lot was described and bounded as follows:

North by a lot owned by Don Manuel Requena, east by Eternity Street, south by the lot of José Mascarel, and west by the lot of Pedro Mendez, fronting about 20 yards on said street, and extending back to the middle of the block by the same more or less.

The house consists of two wings built on an L plan, one facing the street, the other extending to the rear at the northern extremity of the building. This house had no *corredores*, and like the majority of houses in the old Pueblo, was without a fireplace. Grading within recent years has brought the street level three feet above the floors of these



Santa Cruz and Gallardo Adobes, 643-649 N. Broadway

two old houses, accentuating their natural low, squat appearance.

La Casa de Francisco García

This one was perhaps the most unexpected of all. Colossal billboards hide one side of it completely, while on the other side, behind a fence and a garden, the broad sloping roof of a *corredor* conceals the adobe wall like the wide visor of a cap pulled down to shade a face. It huddles to the earth on a little promontory between Justicia Street and Broadway, at Sunset, that barely escaped the opening of the Broadway Tunnel. Someday still it will doubtless become a victim to progress—just a couple of scoops in the big steam shovel.

It was built in 1864 by one Francisco García, with adobe bricks made by Francisco Manzo, known in that day by nicknames as Chico Sorrillo—"little skunk". It is said that he endured his soubriquet for a century, dying at the age of 115 years, and that when he was 113 years old he mounted a white horse and made a figure in the Los Angeles Fiesta parade.

The adobe became the home of Henry Boring and his wife Isabel Acuña de Boring. It was the birthplace



At Sunset and North Broadway. The García Adobe may be seen immediately at left of tunnel entrance.

their daughter Cleofis, who married Tomás Botello, Los Angeles' first Chief of Detectives.

Houses of adobe had to be constructed during the dry season, and preferably early enough to allow two or three months for them to dry out thoroughly before occupancy. After that the sturdy walls would provide ideal protection against both heat and cold. It was intended that this house Francisco García was building should be two stories high, but the rainy season came on too soon—when only the walls of the first story were finished—so a *brea* roof was clapped on hastily, and the house has remained ever since just as they finished it then, except that shakes soon replaced the *brea*. Most of the wood used in the building is said to have come from the Cahuenga hills.

La Casa de Don Pedro Ybarra—913 North Broadway

Hidden behind a parking station next door to the Baker Iron Works, stands the adobe built by Don Pedro Ybarra over 80 years ago, when North Broadway was just a dusty

bridle path. Señorita Arcadia Ybarra still occupies the house and tends the remaining portion of a once extensive garden, where two dark cypress trees grow ever taller with advancing age.

Señorita Ybarra received me with traditional Spanish Californian courtesy, and as we sat in her little store at the front of the deep lot where the adobe holds its own, quiet and still, in the midst of a noisy whirlpool of modern life she conjured for me pictures of a forgotten time there—"Eternity Street".

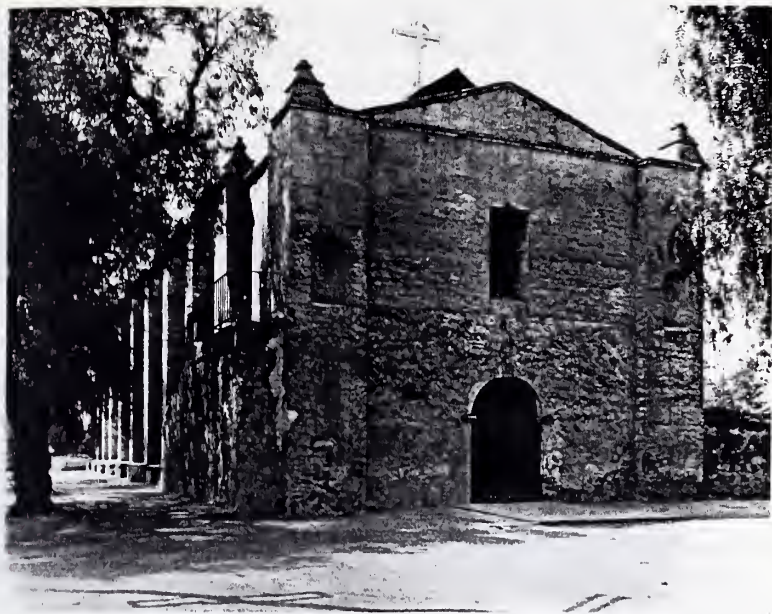
She recalled the days before the present shingled roof replaced the original flat one, and laughingly she told how globules of *brea* that one might pull from the roof on warm days provided what the children deemed excellent chewing gum. There was a well in the yard that supplied water for the family's ordinary use, but washing was done in the *zanja* which ran down the gulley on the east side of Broadway back of where the Iron Works are today—then a branch of the system of open ditches leading from the Los Angeles River, which provided the Pueblo's water supply.

MISIÓN SAN GABRIEL DE ALCALÁ

In spite of street cars and pavements, the little town of San Gabriel seems always to be reposing in the memory of brave days one hundred years ago, when San Gabriel de Alcalá was the richest of all the missions, and the venerable seat of wealth and power to which the neighboring hamlet of Los Angeles rendered respectful homage. In the still shadows of this past glory stand the very oldest houses of Los Angeles County.

Most of them seem to have been built in the early years of the Mission's prosperity. All of them are constructed in the very simplest adobe style, without patios or verandahs or fireplaces. In the beginning the roofs were probably thatched with *tule* coated over with adobe. A few may have boasted tile at one time, but *brea* was the usual material.

Streets were unknown in Spanish California towns, and highways were little more than well-worn bridle-paths.



San Gabriel Mission.—"In the still shadows of its past glory stand the very oldest houses of Los Angeles County."

Such a *camino de herradura* wandered lazily through old San Gabriel, curving in an L shape down past the Mission and through the groves of the Fathers' planting. Where it passed in front of the Mission the clustered *tule jacals* or huts of the Indians bordered it. The adobes of the Mission retainers were scattered here and there about the plain to right and left of it, according as the need or fancy of the builders had dictated. Thus one finds them today, at unexpected turns and corners about the town. But that is the way with all the adobes. One never knows which turn of the road will disclose a new one twinkling through the swaying branches of ancient trees that tower beside like giant Janizaries, faithfully standing guard until the end.

The Little Room of Father Serra

It is the tradition at San Gabriel that the Great Missionary once occupied this humble brown room, and the hallowed memory of his presence has preserved it through



Father Serra's Room.—"A bit shabby but still solid it stands in the corner of a peaceful convent garden.—Here the *madres*—come to rest and meditate."

the harsh years that have destroyed every other vestige of the Mission building of which it was a part.

A bit shabby but still solid, it stands in the corner of peaceful convent garden on Santa Anita Street at the northwestern extremity of the Mission grounds. Before its door a square curbing of grey stone marks the edges of an ancient cistern, now filled with earth and the sparsely blossoming of old-fashioned flowers.

Today the convent shelters the Sisters of Perpetual Adoration. In red serge dresses and black wimples they move about the garden and the chapel. . . figures from illuminated Medieval manuscripts such as Serra must have leaved reverently in the convents of his youth. They are refugees from Mexico, and not yet have they mastered the intricacies of English. But they know and cherish the memory of the founder of the Missions, and the flowers they had placed on a little altar in his adobe room were

bright against the plastered wall. There were prints of the Saints, a table, and some benches. Here the *madres*, as the nuns are called, come to rest and meditate, and here sometimes one of them will sit with the small Mexican girls from the neighboring parochial school, who are their adoring daily visitors, teaching them to sew the fine stitches that only nuns know how to make.

It is fitting, this unassuming memorial.

The Very Oldest House—308 West Mission Blvd.

The beautiful vine-covered adobe home of Colonel Purcell is said to have been built three years before the Mission church was erected, for a dwelling-house for the friars in charge of the Mission. From time to time internal evidence has been unearthed which certainly points to very great antiquity.

The older portion of the house consists of a long rectangle to which an adobe addition was made about seventy-five years ago, so that the house is now shaped somewhat like a T, with *corredores* outlining the new wing and the exposed ends of the old front. Last year, when renovating a room in the older portion, a floor of 6 inch pine, laid some forty years ago, was taken up. Beneath that a floor of 8 inch redwood was found and removed, and beneath that lay irregular planks of native live-oak, almost completely disintegrated.¹ Raising these crumbling boards disclosed the old, old tiles of the first floor of all. A touch of romance and mystery was there in the corroded remnant of an archaic steelyard which lay deeply embedded among the broken tiles. Old Dutch coins, small cast iron cannon balls and bronze grape shot have been dug up at other times about the house and grounds.

In 1852 Judge Volney E. Howard bought this adobe from one Mr. Hildreth. There is evidence indicating that Hugo Reid once owned the property, which was known as Rancho Las Tunas, and Henry Dalton is also indicated as

¹The native live-oak wood decays rapidly, and was used by the early Spanish builders only when nothing else could be obtained. A live-oak log with the bark still on it formed the lintel over one of the windows of this house. Possibly the woodwork was all of this type originally, then replaced at an early date with more durable lumber.



Adobe home of Col. Purcell in San Gabriel. "—it is said to have been built three years before the Mission church was erected for a dwelling place for the friars in charge of the Mission."

an owner previous to Hildreth. In those days the little rancho was completely surrounded by a hedge of cactus *tuna* such as the Mission fathers planted to protect the groves and orchards from the inroads of marauding Indians or cattle. In 1880 this hedge was about 50 feet thick.

It was probably in Judge Howard's time that the new wing and the shingled roof were added. The *brea* covering of the *corredores* was retained until later. I find this mention of Howard's residence at San Gabriel: "Here with Kewen (at the Old Mill) as his neighbor, Howard and his talented wife, a lady of decidedly blue-stocking tendencies took up their residence near the San Gabriel Mission, and he became one of the most reliable attorneys in Los Angeles. . ."¹ Two or three miles was no distance at all between neighbors in those days.

¹Newmark, *Sixty Years in Southern California*, p. 55.



The López Adobe in San Gabriel. "—doubtless one of the old Mission buildings."

La Casa Vieja de López—330 North Santa Anita Ave.

This is doubtless one of the old Mission buildings, also, for it is evidently of quite ancient construction. Recently redecorated by Doña María López de Lowther, whose family have occupied the adobe for many years, it is a captivating example of what the adobe home may be. A portion of the building next door to La Casa Vieja is of adobe, also probably a remnant of the old Mission settlement.

The Adobe of the Grape Vine—Mission Blvd.

Many alterations have been made in this adobe during the century or more of its existence. Projects for street-widening threaten its destruction from time to time, and apparently a portion of it has already been sacrificed to that cause. The extraordinary grape vine, extending over a *ramada* 100 feet in circumference, has lent fame to this adobe, whose history, as gathered from the occupants, is

rather hazy, although it can doubtless lay claim to real antiquity.

Originally it seems to have been laid out along generous lines. Where now there are two rooms there is evidence that there was originally but one, at least 30 feet long and approximately 13 feet wide, in which the beams traversed the shorter dimension, just opposite in direction to those supporting the present roof. The ends of the remaining original beams protrude a foot or so from under the roof and have been whittled down and fitted at right angles into holes bored in the later beams. These latter are by no means new, however, and must have been installed at least half a century ago.

La Casa de Doña Luz Vígare—South Ramona Street

In an old adobe somewhat south of the town lives Doña Luz Vígare, great-granddaughter of a soldier of the Mission guard. The dimensions of her adobe home are generous, and one is immediately impressed by the rather exceptional height of the ceiling. The ancient beams have been covered by a modern roof above and a flat ceiling below. The old lean-to adobe *cocina* which used to extend at the rear has fallen, and the old *corredor* has become a "front porch."

The Sales Grant Adobe—Twin Palms Drive

A small adobe, with very low ceiling, and a narrow *corredor* with an abruptly angled roof. It stands on land that was granted to Francisco Sales in 1845, and probably was built about that time. The local tradition has it that this roof once had the honor of sheltering Governor Alvarado.

The little house became the home of the Mulocks in 1866, when there were but two houses between there and the Pueblo of Los Angeles. They occupied the adobe for many years, and as their sons grew up they became men too tall for comfortable exit and entrance through its low doorways. Alterations were therefore made to suit their height, and now after some years, the old walls have weakened in these places, so that this quaint place cannot be counted upon to last indefinitely, as many of the others will do if properly protected.

It is an L shaped adobe, with several rooms, each about ten feet square. There were no windows in it, originally, but an outside door in each room. No fireplace was built into the house, and traces of a fire were found in the middle of the floor of one of the rooms. Such inside fires were not the custom, however.

Fig trees with huge hoary trunks, planted in regular rows, seem to be evidence of an outlying Mission orchard, and to this day volunteer vines of Mission grapes spring up annually at various spots about the ranch.

"The May Place"—725 West Carmelita Street

This too, is doubtless a very old adobe, but it is now modernized somewhat out of character.

RANCHO SAN RAFAEL

In reward for valiant services to the King of Spain as a soldier in the California military, José María Verdugo, who had served many years in the Mission guard at San Gabriel, was given the first private land grant of California. The date of the conveyance was October 20, 1784, and the rancho was San Rafael, that embraced 36,000 acres of grazing land, and spread out from the Arroyo Seco westward to Misión San Fernando, including the sites of many future towns. . . Glendale, Eagle Rock, Verdugo City, and others.

La Casa de Catalina Verdugo

When Don José María died, in 1831, his vast holdings were bequeathed to his son Júlio and his daughter Catalina. Thirty years later the brother and sister divided the land equally between them, Júlio taking the southern portion and Catalina taking the northern half. For the most part Doña Catalina's half was rugged and mountainous country, cut up into many mysterious cañons, where small streams meandered southward, and willows and sycamores and the majestic live oak grew in unchecked profusion. But the surpassing loveliness of these living landscapes that were her own demesne, was not for the eyes of Doña Catalina, for she had become blind when still a young girl. She had not married, and now she was growing very old,



The Verdugo Adobe. Of the five adobe homes built by the Verdugos on Rancho San Rafael this alone remains.

without a roof of her own to shelter her on all that vast property. Here and there about the Rancho she went, living with one and then another of her brother's thirteen stalwart sons,—but she wanted a home of her own, where she could settle down and live out her years in peace, and so at last it was arranged with her nephew Teodoro, when he had married, that he should build an adobe on her land, and that there he and his family and the ancient Doña Catalina should live together.

Dona Catalina's house was finished by Teodoro more than fifty years ago. It was the last one built by the Verdugos, and is the only one remaining of the several adobes they erected on the Rancho. Even though it is secluded far up in Verdugo Cañon where human visitors must have been rare indeed in the Old Days, modern life has found it out. The pretentious homes of an exclusive subdivision are crowding up around it now. It is a small, modest place, but full of charm and romance, and some one cares enough

to maintain it excellently, although it is not occupied. Its broad, vine-covered *corredor* looks out upon a historic old garden, still verdant with all manner of old-fashioned trees and shrubs—cypress, orange, pomegranate, oleander, and olive.

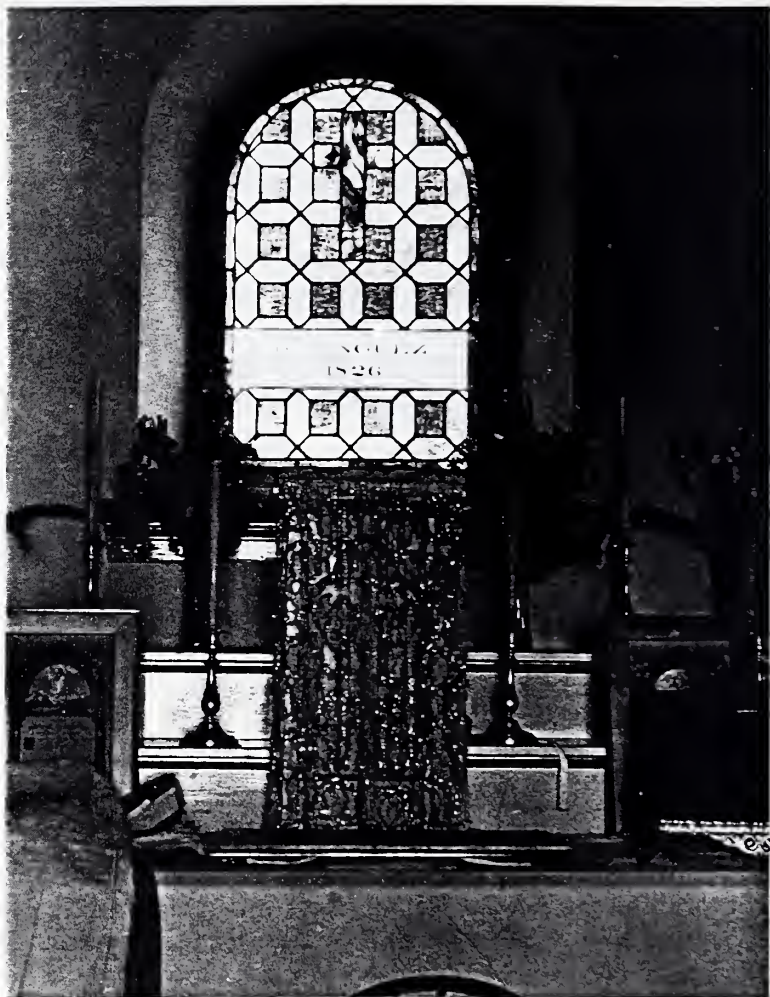
RANCHO SAN PEDRO

Rancho San Pedro, whose 45,000 acres of alfilería-covered grazing land stretched over hill and valley and plain from the seacoast at San Pedro up the estuary half way to Los Angeles, was the third Spanish grant of California, and is distinguished as one of the very few of these ancient properties that have remained in possession of the heirs of the original owner.

San Pedro was one of five ranchos in private possession in 1795, held under Governor Pedro Fages' provisional grant of 1784, which assigned it to Juan José Dominguez. In 1822 the grant was confirmed by Governor Sola to Sargento Cristobal Dominguez, as nephew and heir of Don Juan José, but it is the name of Don Manuel Dominguez that is most often connected with Rancho San Pedro. Don Manuel took charge of the great estate in 1825, and lived there until his death in 1882. These were fifty-seven vigorous, productive years, that made the name of Don Manuel Dominguez one to be recorded with honor in the annals of his state. Bancroft calls him "one of the sterling men of the old regime", and Major Horace Bell writes heartily that "among all the misfortunes that befell the great proprietors of California this iron octogenarian almost alone stands as an oak midst the desolation around him". The integrity of Don Manuel was known far beyond the confines of his rancho and its business, and he held many public offices, in city, county, and state.

La Casa Dominguez

It is a house of Don Manuel's that one sees today on a hillside to the right hand of Truck Boulevard, a mile or so out from the town of San Pedro, and in its chapel numerals in a stained-glass window set into the thick adobe wall record the date 1826.



In the Chapel of the Dominguez Adobe. "The old homestead was given as a memorial a few years ago to the Claretian Order and is now part of the seminary for young priests."

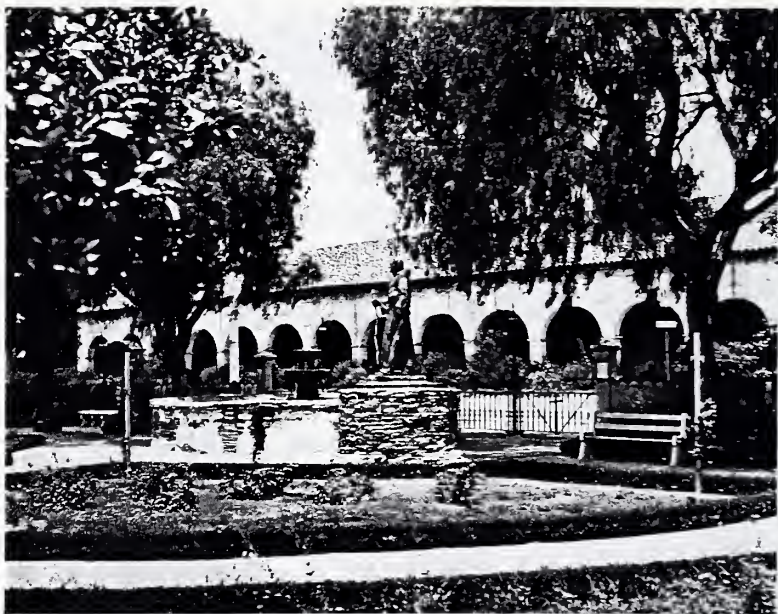
The old homestead was given as a memorial by a Dominguez descendent a few years ago, and is now a seminary for young priests of the Claretian Order. The venerable adobe has been remodeled to fulfil their needs for classrooms and dormitories, and the building has been

enlarged by adding a new wing, also of adobe construction. The stucco finish and the arches on the east front are decidedly modern, and while in the subdued and earnest piety of its atmosphere today it is just a little difficult to reclaim the picture of its vigorous past, still the shaded *corredor* cradles a shadowy reminiscence of a former day. Then the old rancho was the nearest dwelling to the port of San Pedro, and from his friendly door Don Manuel dispensed the traditional hospitality of Alta California with a largesse that was fairly royal, while the lovely daughters of the Dominguez made this house an abode of comfort and gay charm where guests lingered enchanted.

Rancho San Pedro was among the first in California, maintaining some 10,000 head of cattle and half as many horses. From the windows of the adobe one might watch the activities of the vast herds, with the jaunty *vaqueros* moving skillfully among them, or discern the approach of visitors from the port or from Los Angeles. Within its walls



Dominguez Adobe as it appears today as a dormitory of the Claretian College.



Mission San Fernando, where the Picos made their home for a quarter of a century.

anxious women passed the breathless hours listening, and waiting, and praying, while on their own land their men opposed the invading Gringos in the Battle of Dominguez Rancho in 1847. Then peace was restored and there were *bailes* and *fiestas* again,—with Gringos included; “the broad doors were thrown open at the Casa Dominguez, . . . and with the genial Dr. John Brinckerhooff as interpreter and master of ceremonies, the balls, entertainments and company at the Dominguez house were of the best in all California.”¹

RANCHO EX-MISIÓN SAN FERNANDO

After the Secularization, the Missions were tossed like the feathered cork in a merciless game of battledore and shuttlecock, inspired by avarice, and played by the Government of Mexico, the Governors of California, and the secular Administrators of the Missions. During the adminis-

¹Major Horace Bell, *Reminiscences of a Ranger*, p. 299.

tration of Governor Pico the ruin of what was left of them was consummated. At first they were sold or rented in batches to the highest bidders, and thus several thousand acres, including the site of the old Misión of San Fernando Rey, were leased for nine years from December, 1845, to Andrés Pico, brother of the Governor and gallant leader of the California forces at San Pascual.

Then in March, 1846, "an Act of the Departmental Assembly of California made the Missions liable to the laws of bankruptcy, and authorized the Governor to sell them to private persons." In the same year the President of Mexico ordered Governor Pico to use all means within his power to raise money to defend the country against the United States, and with this double authorization, Don Pío, desperately intent on holding the Province against the Americans, began to sell the Missions right and left. Six months before the coming of Frémont, Rancho San Fernando was sold to Juan Celís for \$14,000. In 1854, at the expiration of his lease, Don Andrés bought from Celís an undivided half-interest in the rancho for \$15,000.

Thus the old Mission, shorn of its quondam magnificence, divested of its herds, its neophytes scattered to the four winds, became the country home of Don Andrés Pico. Here they drove the Pico stock, celebrated as the best-blooded horses in the state, and quartered them, when need was, in the very buildings that had housed the multifarious activities of the Mission. In a few of the better rooms of the vast, rambling building, already beginning to show signs of the ruin so soon to overtake it, Don Rómolo Pico, the General's nephew, made his permanent home, while Don Andrés came there often to lead the peaceful life of a farmer in the brief interims between his duties at the Pueblo as "State Senator, editor of the Spanish paper, deputy sheriff, and receiver of the Land Office under President Franklin Pierce."

Some distance northwestward from the Mission, in the present bed of the San Fernando Reservoir, stood the adobe home of Don Gerónimo Lopez, at that day the only other habitation in the whole San Fernando region. Beside the Mission buildings and the distant house of Don Gerónimo.



General Andrés Pico, who once owned half of Rancho Ex-Misión San Fernando and whose country home was in the Valley.

with here and there a trace of the groves the Fathers had planted, the valley lay fallow, in its pristine form, the variant golden beauty of its broad acres hemmed with the incomparable lapis hills, with moving brown herds of the cattle and horses of the Picos and Lopez alone enlivening the landscape.

All this was soon to change. Gringos came, who in their minds' eyes saw wheat and farms rising from that



Ruins of Adobe of Andrés and Rómulo Pico near San Fernando Mission.
"It was a charming place, well proportioned and comfortable."

fertile soil where the wild oats and mustard grew so high, and they set about to realize their visions. Isaac Lankershim bought the lower half of the valley for \$115,000, and soon enough, farms and sheep and wheat grew there according to his prophecy.

Even after the sale of the southern half of the rancho, however, times were hard for the Picos and Celís. Senator McClay, a San Francisco pioneer of 1851, had dreamed of farms and orchards and industries for the northern half of the valley, and when he learned that the grantees of the rancho were about to lose their holdings, he made a flying trip to San Francisco and raised the money to purchase 57,000 acres. His partners in the venture were George K. and B. F. Porter, also of San Francisco. The day of wheat and farms, of subdivision and the town of San Fernando, had come. The *vaquero* and his restless herds passed forever from the valley of Misión San Fernando.

La Casa de Andrés y Rómolo Pico

In selling the rancho Don Andrés retained for himself a little holding known as the Pico Reserve. Here in 1873 he and Rómolo built a beautiful adobe home, situated a quarter of a mile southwest of the sombre pile that had been the Mission.

It was a charming place, well-proportioned and comfortable. When I first saw it a year ago, abandoned and dilapidated though it was, it seemed to me one of the most attractive of all the adobe houses of this county, and at that time complete restoration would not have been difficult nor expensive.

The ground plan is unique, consisting of a central rectangular portion with one single-story lean-to room extending to the rear at either end to frame a miniature patio, where four giant eucalypti grow at the corners of a square, and drop their curved leaves upon the adobe mound that was once an oven.

The sloping roof was shingled, with the adobe built up clear to the peak at either end. The south wall enclosed a chimney, with a small open fireplace downstairs. The stairway was of wood, and outside, of course, at the opposite end of the house.

There was a *corredor* along the front, its roof projecting from under the little square windows that let the morning light into the rooms above. The foundation was of stone, and there was a little paving of brick around each of the several patio doorsteps. The interior color scheme must once have been light and refreshing—whitewashed walls with green-blue woodwork, and a brown, unpainted floor.

There is no material more enduring than adobe, *if* it is protected from the weather, but when the eaves become broken and the water gets to the walls, the plaster breaks, and the rain reaches the bricks, washes against them, wears them down, and destruction is complete, in a surprisingly short time. The walls do not fall, they are worn down, lower and lower each year, until at last they have simply melted away into unmarked mounds on the valley floor.

Such is the depressing fate that now swiftly approaches the once lovely adobe of the brave Alta Californian general. Today there are many seemingly poverty-stricken Mexicans living in the district around it, and usually one or two may be seen loitering about the old adobe that stands so lonesomely now in the midst of a broad stubble field. Mexican girls and women go past it at morning and noon and night from a nearby factory. They take no more notice of the old house than they do of the row of stunted palms that linger half-heartedly before it. For them it has no meaning, and it looks more lonesome and abandoned than ever when they go trooping by, chattering in high voices.

Some eucalyptus trees mark the line where the edge of the *corredor* used to be, for in one night of destruction a year ago *corredor* and stairway and all other detachable lumber was carried off by unknown vandals. I have visited the home of Don Andrés again, and its melancholy aspect has filled me with despair. In one short year, this, one of the most attractive adobes of all, has reached a state of decay from which only heroic measures can rescue it, while a year ago it would have been easy to have prolonged its existence indefinitely. Now the entire roof has gone the mysterious way of the *corredor* and staircase. The storms have got in. The plaster is falling off. The floor is gone, and a ragged hole gapes from ridge pole



Sketch of the San Fernando Valley and the Mission made in 1852.



López Adobe in San Fernando. "—the house is of a delightful quaintness."

to ground level, where the bricks of the fireplace and chimney have been torn from the wall.

La Casa de Gerónimo Lopez

Here is a chance to speak of something more cheerful. In 1878 Don Gerónimo decided to move into the new town of San Fernando, which had begun to boom about 1873, and his son Valentino built for him the adobe that stands at the corner of Pico and McClay Streets. During the last year it has been restored and reoccupied by one of Don Gerónimo's descendants. A new tile roof lends elegance, but the original shakes were in better harmony. Tile roofs were forgotten and not yet foreseen again, in 1878, but anyway, the house is of a delightful quaintness, for its smooth adobe walls are adorned with an elaborate wood trim executed in the Victorian jigsaw manner. . . rather surprising, but jauntily attractive. Still clinging to the old form, the house is of two-story construction with an outside stairway, and a two-story *corredor* around three sides, and there is a captivating old-time front garden, with



The old Porter Adobe, first building in San Fernando.

palms, and roses, and smooth, round rocks built into urns and things.

The First Office Building of San Fernando

A small quadrilateral adobe building, with a high shingled roof, stands at the corner of Pico and McClay Streets, to remind you of George K. and B. F. Porter, the first subdividers of the valley, who built it in 1873. It was the first building in the town of San Fernando, and they used it as their office.

RANCHO SAN PASQUAL

Once a part of the vast properties of Misión San Gabriel, Rancho San Pascual was given to Doña Eulalia Pérez de Guillén, California's oldest woman, in recognition of her long devotion to the mission work.

José, the son of Doña Eulalia's cousin, Estéban Pérez, was the first white man to build a home on the rancho. This was in 1839. It had cost him six horses and ten head of



"Adobe Flores"—Here the Californians held their last council of war before the surrender of General Andrés Pico to General John C. Fremont.

cattle to buy out the interest of another heir to Doña Eulalia's three square leagues of oak-dotted grazing land.

La Casa de Jose Pérez—"Adobe Flores"

The house that José built still keeps a quiet watch over the long vista toward the sea from its vantage on the southern slope of Raymond Hill in South Pasadena. There it nestles among old trees, impervious to the ceaseless traffic stream so near it on Fair Oaks Avenue, and seems to muse upon vanished scenes of a swift century of changes. Ninety winters it has witnessed the greening of the winter plains, ninety seasons it has seen them grow brown again in the summer sun. Long gone are the cattle that grazed there. The sheep are gone. No more is the coming of visitors from Los Angeles below heralded far-off by a cloud of yellow dust moving across the golden undulations of the valley.

"Adobe Flores", as it is called today, is a private residence, but it is permissible and well worth while to

observe it from the road at the foot of Raymond Hill, which passes close by its door. The style of the building is particularly charming, and it is a choice example of what perfect harmony may obtain between an Alta California adobe and the native landscape. The west ell of the building is the older portion, built by Don José, while the other wing was added a little later. In spite of having been built near the ovens of Misión San Gabriel, the tile roof is not original.

Death came upon Don José in 1840, before he was able to complete buildings and stock the rancho as required by the Mexican law. By default the land reverted to the public domain and was taken up by Manuel Garfías, son-in-law of Doña Encarnación Avila, whose old home has already received our attention as a famous Plaza landmark.

A little less than ten years after the adobe was built by Don José came the Americans, conquest-bent. At the adobe on the Plaza, Doña Encarnación trembled in fear, and prayed for the defeat of the Gringos. At the adobe of Rancho San Pascual Doña Luisa, her daughter, endured the days of anxiety while her husband took part in the futile resistance of the Californians.

Don Manuel served as an officer on Flores' staff in the gallant last gesture at La Mesa, and that night followed his General in the retreat of the hopeless little army to Rancho San Pascual. From the deep casements of the adobe Doña Luisa could see the dark figures of the California horsemen silhouetted against the gloomy sky on top of the hills of South Pasadena, as they watched through the night for the American cavalry whom they expected to pursue them. And while they stood guard, straining eyes and ears into the secretive darkness, General Flores and his staff held their last council, there at San Pascual. Surrender was inevitable, all that remained was to decide their course. Andrés Pico was left in supreme command, and Flores and Manuel Garfías, who were commissioned officers in the Mexican Army, sadly took leave of their friends and the distraught woman at the adobe, and in the darkness of the night of January 11, started off for safety and Sonora.

Meantime, the pursuing American cavalry for whom



The Old Mill. Built more than a century ago by the padres of San Gabriel Mission.

they watched were pressing on the other way, toward Los Angeles, where the next day Commodore Stockton made history in the deserted house of Doña Encarnación on the Plaza.

El Molino Viejo

The famous old mill built under direction of the fathers of Misión San Gabriel more than 100 years ago, was so long the residence of Col E. J. C. Kewen, "the silver-tongued orator of California", that some people think it proper to list it as one of the extant domestic adobes. Col. Kewen purchased the mill and made some alterations to adapt it for use as a home, and lived there with his family until 1879. It has recently been remodeled by the Huntington estate and is again in use as a residence.

La Casa de Miguel Blanco

Michael White was his real name, but when he came to California in 1829, after seafaring along the coast for a



The old Michael White Adobe, with two story frame wing. It stands on north side of Huntington Boulevard just west of "La Ramada."

time, his name was translated into Spanish. He obtained a grant of land 500 varas square "just north of Misión San Gabriel, and just west of the Titus and Rose Ranch. He went there in 1843 and lived there many years." In 1831 he had married a daughter of Doña Eulalia de Guillén. Later on Miguél sold the vineyard and orchard he had grown to L. H. Titus, and still later it became the property of James Foord.

One section of a decrepit adobe, to which has been added a two-story frame wing built of ship siding such as was used here as early as 1865, stands in an orange grove some distance back from the street on the north side of Huntington Blvd., just west of "La Ramada", the very much built-over and added-on-to adobe of the renowned Titus Ranch. As it was identified for me by an "old-timer" as "the old Foord place", I am inclined to believe that this adobe was once the home of Miguél Blanco.

RANCHO LOS NIETOS

Don Manuel Nieto received the second of the great Spanish land grants of California in 1784, just a few months after San Rafael had been assigned to Julio Verdugo, and just three years after the founding of the little farming settlement of Los Angeles. Don Manuel's newly-acquired holding lay to the southwest of the embryo pueblo, and included all the land between the Santa Ana and San Gabriel Rivers from the hill country to the sea.

In time the vast tract was divided into five smaller ranchos,—Santa Gertrudes, Los Coyotes, Las Bolas, Los Cerritos, and Los Alamitos—held by Don Manuel's five heirs.

The two latter *ranchos* covered the site of the present city of Long Beach. On each of them still stands an old adobe home of unusual interest.

RANCHO LOS ALAMITOS

This immense tract passed from the Nieto heirs into the hands of Don Abel Stearns in the early forties, and became his country home, as well as the grazing ground for thousands of his cattle. For twenty years thereafter life at Los Alamitos was the colorful scene of the activities and diversions of a wealthy and prosperous *ranchero*, although the Stearns did not make it their home continuously.

The awful years of 1863 and 1864 brought the prosperity of Southern California's cattle barons to a tragic close. No more than four inches of rain fell in 1863, and the thirsty land dragged out the days until March of 1864 without so much as a shower. The famished cattle roamed the plains in wild and futile search for food and water. Don Abel lost 50,000 head of livestock by starvation, the 26,000 beautiful acres of Los Alamitos were advertised for sale on account of unpaid taxes amounting to \$152.00, and at last went to satisfy a \$20,000 mortgage held by Michael Reese of San Francisco. In the early seventies his heirs sold the rancho to the Bixbys, who converted it into a vast sheep range.



"Like the Yankee Don Abel Stearns at Los Alamitos, Temple made Los Cerritos his country home." Dona Arcadia Bandini-Stearns and Dona Rafaela Cota-Temple (right) were the respective mistresses of these palatial adobe homes.

La Casa de Los Alamitos

The ranch house, which is situated on a little knoll some distance east of Long Beach on Anaheim Blvd., is a private residence, still the home, as it has been for fifty years, of one branch of the Bixby family. While it was never as pretentious a place as Los Cerritos, and has undergone more additions and alterations, the privileged visitor finds in it the example *par excellence* of the beauty, richness, and comfort that may be expressed in an adobe home.

The proportions of Los Alamitos are unusually spacious, while its walls, more than three feet thick, and the simple quadrilateral form of its older, original portion, tend to bear out the belief held by many who know the old house and its story intimately, that it was built by one of the original owners of the rancho, at an early time, possibly over a century ago.

RANCHO LOS CERRITOS

By 1840 Don Manuel Nieto's descendants were very numerous. Rancho Los Cerritos was held jointly by the 12

Cotas—five brothers and seven sisters. One of these, Señorita Rafaela, married the Yankee Don Juan Temple, who bought out the shares of the other members of her family, and with his lovely bride took possession of the estate.

La Casa de Don Juan Temple

In 1844 Don Juan built the famous adobe ranch house that still stands, abutting on the grounds of the Virginia Country Club, just outside of Long Beach.

The shrewd and genial Yankee had found life in Mexico and California so pleasant and profitable that he became a Mexican citizen and took a California wife. He was said to have been at one time the wealthiest man in Mexico, and was undoubtedly one of the wealthiest in California. Like the Yankee Don Abel Stearns at Los Alamitos, Temple made Los Cerritos his country home, and maintained another residence in the Pueblo. And if Don Abel's city home was a palace, Don Juan's country place was a manor—almost, for it was rudely fortified—it could comparatively be called a castle.

Don Juan's house is the only adobe extant in Los Angeles County that has a completely enclosed *patio*, and is by far the largest and most magnificent of any standing here today. It was built in a U shape, with a two-story central portion from which two long one-story wings extend, enclosing on three sides an enormous *patio*, with a high adobe wall pierced by a gateway wide enough to admit a *carreta*, shutting it in on the fourth side. Beyond this wall the ground slopes gently toward the willows of the river bottom a few rods distant. On this slope, looking toward the sunset, formerly lay the Italian garden dear to the heart of Don Juan.

The red bricks that show here and there as the remains of a walk around the patio, and the paving of the *corredores*, was brought around the Horn to California from New England, while the woodwork in the house is of hand-finished redwood from the north. The original flat roofs were covered with *brea*, but when in 1866 Don Juan sold Los Cerritos to Jotham Bixby, the Bixbys very soon replaced



"Los Cerritos"—"To cross the threshold of Los Cerritos is veritably to enter through a doorway into the past."

them with shakes, first over the middle section, then over the wings.

To cross the threshold of Los Cerritos is veritably to enter through a doorway into the past. In the dreamy atmosphere of the deserted patio scenes of the Old Days live again for those of sympathy and imagination. If you are lucky when you visit there, you will meet on the front *corredor*, or in some sunny corner of the patio an old, old *vaquero* whose dim eyes seem ever to be engaged with visions of another time, thirty years and more ago, when Jotham Bixby was the *patron* of the rancho and Mrs. Bixby his *patrona*,—days when the patio hummed with busy voices and stirred to the tread of many feet, nights when lights shone in the windows of the big upstairs *salas* and the sounds of the music and laughter of the *patron* and his guests drifted down into garden.

"To whom does the old house belong now?" I said to the aged Californian. "*Pues, a mí porque yo vivo aquí,*" was



Mr. and Mrs. Jotham Bixby. Mr. Bixby purchased Los Cerritos from Don Juan Temple in 1866 and then lived there for many years. It is still owned by the Bixby family.

his naive reply.¹ Thus a lord of the manor, he sometimes looks for a cigar, or a bit of silver, in acknowledgment of his hospitality, or extracts a dollar from the photographers he admits.

The south wing is divided into seven rooms of varying sizes, and there are about the same number of divisions in the north wing. Downstairs the front section is divided into numerous rooms and offices, while the upper floor, reached by a Yankee stairway inside, in the middle of the house, is divided into just two huge *salas*, or parlors, with windows along the patio side through which one may still see a beautiful sweeping view of the river, and gain a tiny picture of the primitive landscape, in spite of oil derricks on the horizon.

In the north wing a room immediately adjacent to the front section was used as the kitchen for the *patron* and

¹"Why, to me, because I live here." (The house actually belongs to the Llewellyn Bixby Estate).



"In the dreamy atmosphere of the deserted patio (of Los Cerritos), scenes of the Old Days live again for those of sympathy and imagination."

his family. Back of that were dormitories for the *vaqueros* and their families, until the last room toward the garden wall. Here a small iron-barred window suggests that it once served as a *calabozo* or jail for the recalcitrant. Isolated as the ranchos were, supporting groups of people so large that each rancho amounted to a small village in itself, the *calabozo* was often an essential adjunct of the *casa de campo*.

Across the patio in the south wing lie a series of picturesquely interesting rooms. The first two off the main central section of the house are paved with brick. All the others have dirt floors. In each room a doorway opens into the patio. The first of the brick-paved rooms was a bedroom, in the second there is a window as tall as the doorway, that is protected with a grille of iron bars. Possibly this was *la tiendita*, the little store which the *ranchero* often maintained for the convenience of his retainers in

that time when the nearest town was at least a day's journey away.

Next comes a long, dark room. It has no windows, but there is a wide doorway in the patio wall. The outer wall is pierced with a line of openings up near the roof that look like the portholes of a ship. They are scooped out of the adobe, rather like funnels, with the rounded opening about twice as large on the interior of the wall as on the outside. Beneath this row of loopholes there is a very strange fireplace. It has an adobe mantel, supported by two columns of adobe bricks set against the wall, but there is no chimney whatever, so that the mantel seems but a futile ornament against the smoke-blackened walls. The ancient *vaquero* declared that this room served in the old times as both kitchen and blacksmith shop. *Quien sabe?* It looks, too, as though it might have been a smoke house where they prepared jerked beef, immense quantities of which were included in the California diet then.

The four rooms beyond the *cocina* are claimed by the old *vaquero* to have been quarters for the cowboys and herdsmen. All but one of them now have wide carriage doorways cut in from the patio side. Doorways in the outer wall have been filled in with adobe bricks, and there is not a window in any of these rooms. But along the outer wall, high up under the beams, tiny loopholes, a group of two in each room, are formed by laying three adobe bricks end to end so as to leave a triangular opening.

It is in such memory-haunted and deserted places as Los Cerritos that you will best discover the spirit, the architecture, or whatever it is you are seeking, of old Alta California. The residences that have been listed here have all, in the interiors, at least, been adapted to the needs of modern living, and while they retain the alluring, time-laden atmosphere that clings about the walls of every old adobe, still they are the homes of modern people. History and romance unadulterated await you beyond the portals of Los Cerritos and La Casa Avila, and the others that stand lonesome and deserted, and they are the ones that cry out for your attention—to save them before it is too late.

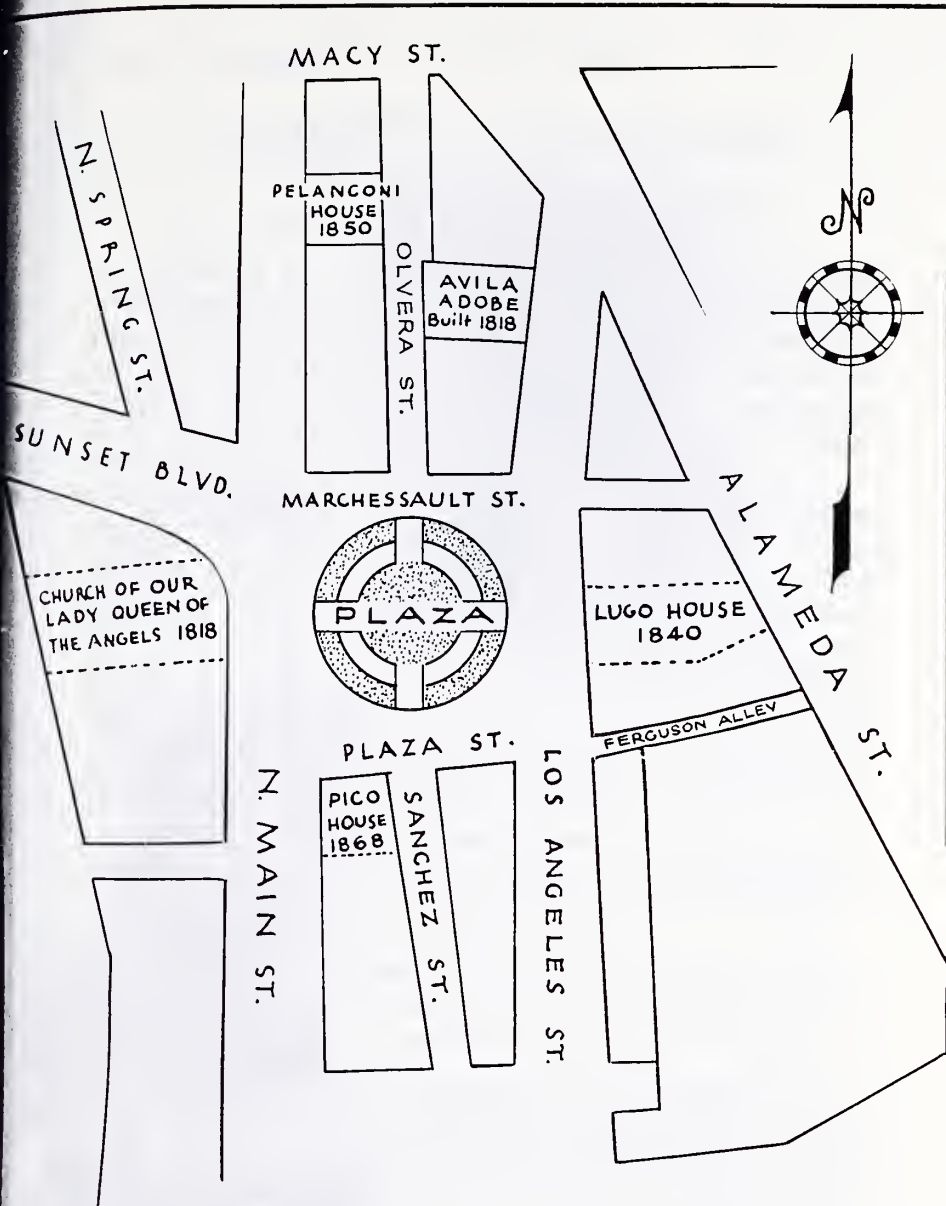
(Concluded in next issue)

The Extant Historic Adobe Houses of Los Angeles County

	Location	Condition	Identification
1.	Los Angeles, - - Plaza (N. Los Angeles St.) - -	rented, Chinese stores - -	built by Vicente Lugo, c. 1835
2.	" - - - - 14, 16, 18 Olvera St. - - - -	maintained as landmark - -	Doña Encarnación Avila, built about 1818, Stockton Headquarters, 1847.
3.	" - - New High and Ord Sts. - -	grocery store - - - -	
4.	" - - 708 New High St. - - - -	tenants - - - -	
5.	" - - 630 Castelar St. - - - -	tenants - - - -	
7.	" - - 721 Castelar St. - - - -	tenants - - - -	José Mascarel
8.	" - - 913 N. Broadway - - - -	residence of descendant of original owner - - - -	
9.	" - - 728 N. Broadway - - - -	tenants - - - -	built by Pedro Ybarra, c. 1848
10.	" - - 643 N. Broadway - - - -	tenants - - - -	Ysabel Santa Cruz
11.	" - - 640 N. Broadway - - - -	tenants - - - -	Ysabel Santa Cruz
12.	" - - 551 Justicia St. - - - -	tenants - - - -	Rafael Gallardo
13.	" - - 412 Sunset Blvd. - - - -	tenants - - - -	built by Francisco Manzo, 1864
14.	" - - 664 N. Spring St. - - - -	tenants - - - -	built by Jesus Manzo
15.	" - - 9th St. and Santa Fé Ave. (rounds of Hanser Packing Co.) - - - -	used as club house - - - -	
16.	" - - 10th St. and Boyle Ave. - -	ruin - - - -	José María Lugo.
17.	" - - Jefferson and Figueroa Sts. - -	tenants - - - -	
18.	" - - Vernon and Mesa Drive - - (Sunset Golf Club)	club house - - - -	Rancho La Ciénega ó Paso de la Tijera, Francisco Avila, 1823 Tomás Sanchez, 1843
19.	" - - Cadillac and Shendoah - -	to be restored by descendant of original owner - -	Rancho Rincón de los Breyes, built by Antonio José Rocha, 1865
20.	Los Angeles - - Third and Fairfax Sts. - -	residence - - - -	Rancho La Brea, Antonio Rocha, 1828.

- | | | | | |
|-----|--------------------------|--|--|---|
| 37. | Santa Monica - - - - - | Santa Monica Cañon - - - - - | unoccupied - - - - - | Rancho Boca de Santa Mónica,
Built by Pascual Marquez, c. 1865 |
| 38. | Inglewood - - - - - | Redondo Blvd. and
Venice Way - - - - - | residence - - - - - | Rancho Aguaje de la Centinela,
Antonio Ignacio Abila |
| 39. | San Pedro - - - - - | Truck Blvd.
(Claretian Seminary) | memorial - - - - - | Rancho San Pedro, Manuel or
Nasario Dominguez, c. 1825. |
| 40. | Long Beach - - - - - | Long Beach Blvd.
(Virginia Country Club) | unoccupied - - - - - | Rancho Los Cerritos, built by Juan
Temple, 1844 |
| 41. | Long Beach - - - - - | Anaheim Blvd. - - - - - | residence - - - - - | Rancho Los Alamitos |
| 42. | Downey - - - - - | Downey Road and
Baker Avenue - - - - - | residence of son
of builder - - - - - | Rancho San Antonio, built by
Vicente Lugo, 1850 |
| 43. | Los Nietos - - - - - | Norwalk and
Puente Mills Road - - - - - | residence - - - - - | Rancho Santa Gertrudes, home of
Governor J. G. Downey, c. 1857 |
| 44. | " - - - - - | west of Norwalk and
Puente Mills Road in
Santa Fé Springs
Oil field - - - - - | abandoned - - - - - | Rancho Santa Gertrudes
Ramirez family |
| 45. | Pico - - - - - | Whittier Blvd. - - - - - | maintained as landmark - - - - - | "El Ranchito" or Rancho Paso de
Bartolo, Pío Pico |
| 46. | Montebello - - - - - | San Gabriel Blvd.
and Lincoln Ave. - - - - - | residence, "restored" - - - - - | Juan Matias Sanchez |
| 47. | " - - - - - | San Gabriel Blvd. at
Río Hondo Bridge - - - - - | residence - - - - - | |
| 48. | South Pasadena - - - - - | Raymond Golf Links - - - - - | residence - - - - - | Rancho San Pascual, built by José
Pérez, 1839 |
| 49. | " - - - - - | Old Mill Road - - - - - | residence - - - - - | El Molino Viejo,
Misión San Gabriel, c. 1818 |

50.	San Marino - - - - -	Huntington Drive and San Gabriel Blvd. - - - - -	La Ramada Inn - - - - -	Titus Ranch.
51.	" - - - - -	Huntington Drive near San Gabriel Blvd. - - - - -	tenants - - - - -	Rancho San Pascual Miguel Blanco, c. 1845
52.	Puente - - - - -	Valley Blvd. - - - - -	residence of descendant - - - - -	Rancho La Puente, built by Wm. Workman, 1841
53.	" - - - - -	southeast in hills - - - - -	residence of descendant - - - - -	Francisco Graziade, c. 1865
54.	Spadra - - - - -	Valley Blvd. (Diamond Bar Ranch) - - - - -	unoccupied but maintained - - - - -	Rancho Los Nogales, part of Rancho San José, built by Ramón Vajar, 1849
55.	San Dinias - - - - -	lower road, to La Verne - - - - -	in use as chicken house - - - - -	Rancho San José Tomás Palomares, c. 1860
56.	Pomona - - - - -	1569 N. Park Avenue - - - - -	residence - - - - -	Rancho San José, built by Ignacio Palomares, c. 1837
57.	" - - - - -	1475 N. Park Avenue - - - - -	residence - - - - -	Rancho San José, built by Ignacio Alvarado, c. 1840
58.	" - - - - -	Cucamonga Rd. and Orange Grove Avenue - - - - -	used as quarters for ranch hands - - - - -	Rancho San José Ignacio Palomares, c. 1850
59.	Bouquet Cañon - - - - -	- - - - -	unoccupied - - - - -	Martin Ruiz, c. 1865
60.	San Francisco Cañon - - - - -	- - - - -	unoccupied - - - - -	Marta Caravajales and Juan Celis
61.	Bouquet Cañon - - - - -	- - - - -	ruin - - - - -	Delano, c. 1885
62.	Elizabeth Lake - - - - -	- - - - -	residence - - - - -	Miguel Ortiz, c. 1865
63.	" - - - - -	- - - - -	residence of descendant of builder - - - - -	built by Pedro Andrada, c. 1870
64.	Rancho La Liebre, near Fairmont - - - - -	- - - - -	in use - - - - -	Rancho La Liebre, Rómulo Pico, c. 1875
65.	Placerita - - - - -	Placerita Cañon - - - - -	- - - - -	- - - - -



MAP SHOWING PLAZA AND
THE FEW REMAINING LANDMARKS



"Don Francisco Lopez was often called by his nickname, *Chico*."

"A daguerreotype was taken of me in my beautiful new clothes."



THE AWAKENING OF PAREDON BLANCO UNDER A CALIFORNIA SUN

— By —

FRANCISCA LOPEZ DE BELDERRAIN*

Standing as a great sentinel, overlooking the already established City of Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles, the great Paredon Blanco¹ thrived, flourished and produced manifold crops for its earliest inhabitants. Now Los Angeles was in its infancy, but life was there and around it. It was an industrious, home-loving life with its purposeful, manifold, wholesome and co-operative activities.

In 1826 there sat in the Council Chamber, officiating as Alcalde (Mayor) of the town of Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles, the illustrious Claudio Lopez who came to Alta California with Fr. Palou in 1773. His son, Esteban, acted as a councilman. Don Claudio not only served his community well officially, but gave more than forty years of his life assisting the missionaries to Christianize the aborigines of Alta California and to open up the country. In this way he helped to prepare a way for the prosperous development and growth of this fair land.

Being a good judge of land values, Don Esteban Lopez established his home on Paredon Blanco (White Bluff) ten years later. The land was granted to him by the Los Angeles Ayuntamiento on Sept. 28, 1835.²

Don Esteban's possessions on the east side of the river embraced many acres, some of which he divided among his children, reserving for himself and his second wife³ that

* The author is the great-granddaughter of the famous Claudio Lopez y de Mora, who when a very young man assisted the missionaries in instructing the Indians in arts, crafts and agriculture, and who for over forty years was manager of San Gabriel Mission. His family was connected with the distinguished Lancaster family, known as Alencaster in Spain and Mexico. The paper is a distinct contribution to the history of Los Angeles. It proves that industry and agriculture were not confined to the great ranchos. Several facts are significant, the successful attempt at horticulture, on the outskirts of the Pueblo, the first successful attempt of raising cotton in the state, the making of fillgree jewelry, an old art of Spain, and an ancient art of Mexico, the purchase of Indians as slaves at a very late date, and the active commercial intercourse with San Francisco during the fifties.—Note of Publication Committee.

1. Paredon Blanco (White Bluff) so called by the early Californians because it was covered with a fine white sand. The section is now known as Hollenbeck Heights.

2. Recorder's office, Book 4, p. 39, 411.

3. Children of Esteban Lopez and his first wife María del Sacramento Valdez: Four sons; Francisco, Julio, José, Antonio, Geronimo; four daughters; Concepción, Catalina, Josefa, Manuela. There were no children by the second marriage.

part between what is now Third and Fourth Streets. He built his home on the bluff about thirty feet south from the present site of Third Street. The house, built of adobe, faced the west, overlooking his possessions. Although modest in structure, it was comfortable. Immediately after the completion of his house, he began to prepare the land for the setting out of fruit trees and vines.

In a short time prosperity smiled on all sides and welcomed the foreigner. Soon after, Don Esteban established his younger son, Don Geronimo, on a piece of land south of where 7th street runs to-day. There Don Geronimo built an attractive house and cultivated the land in orchard and vineyard. Two children were born to Don Geronimo in this home, one of whom, J. J. Lopez, has been superintendent of the Tejon Rancho for over fifty years, ever since 1873. At that time the ranch was owned by General Edward F. Beal.

North of the home of Don Geronimo, one of his sisters, Manuela Lopez de Ruiz⁴ had her house, an orchard and a garden. Another sister, Josefa Lopez de Carrion, built her house on the spot where the late Mr. Hollenbeck's residence stands on the edge of the bluff. She cultivated the lands below. Her son, Saturnino Carrion, sold the property to Mr. Hollenbeck about the year 1874. Don Saturnino then bought a large tract of land near the city of Pomona, where his children still live. Another daughter of Don Esteban, María de la Concepción Lopez married Don Ygnacio Palomares, owner of the big Rancho de San José, the site of Pomona. Another daughter, Catalina Lopez, married Dr. George Joseph Rice of Boston, Massachusetts. In 1835, Dr. Rice took his family east. With him went also his seven year old brother-in-law, José Antonio Lopez, who did not return until a young man. When speaking of the east and his voyage around the perilous Cape Horn and to Alaska, his stories read like a fairy tale, especially his account of the shipwreck and his miraculous escape with the passengers

4. At this house, she conducted one of the first boarding schools in Southern California (1838 to 1851). Among her pupils were Francisco and Luis Palomares, sons of Ygnacio Palomares, owner of the Rancho de San Jose. My sister, Juanita Lopez Warren Lazzarevich, also learned her first lessons in Aunt Manuela's school. She is now over eighty-five years old, but she relates with relish the mischievous behavior of these early California schoolmates.

floating for hours upon sugar casks and other wreckage. He told such marvelous tales that the Californians called them *mentiras* (lies).

In the year 1837, Don Esteban gave his son Francisco Lopez,⁵ *mi padre*, a large tract of land as a wedding endowment. The land was next that of his father. The two properties were divided by a narrow water ditch. It took Don Francisco but a few years to transform the wild stretch of land into a veritable paradise. Don Francisco did not only look after his orchard and vineyard, but managed other affairs at the same time. In the autumn of 1849, he began to export grapes to San Francisco. His were the best and ripened earlier than any other in this part of the state. These grapes were sold for ten dollars per hundred pounds. After a while the crops were sold for several years in succession to Don Mateo Keller, who came to Los Angeles in 1850. Later, an Italian, named Trabucco, a merchant from San Francisco, bought the grapes and superintended the packing himself. In 1859, another merchant from San Francisco named Gilmore got a contract for the exportation of the grapes and directed the packing. Don Francisco also made wines from the grapes that were left and brandy from the sugar cane.

In 1851, Don Francisco had a contract from Mr. Phineas Banning for hauling freight from San Pedro to Los Angeles, using in this contract a train of over twenty-five *carretas* (ox carts). He also furnished lumber for building and took building contracts. He brought the lumber for Don Benito Wilson's home from a saw-mill which had been established in the San Bernardino Mountains.⁶ Some time in the early fifties, Don Francisco and Don Mateo Keller planted a field with cotton on the west bank of the river, south of the Wolfskill tract in the southwest part of the city, which yielded a fine crop. Not finding a market for it in California, the industry was abandoned. This was the first successful attempt at raising cotton in the state.

5. Francisco Lopez was often called by his nickname, *Chico*. He married Maria del Rosario Almenarez y Ceseña.

6. This house was built on Mr. Wilson's Lake Vineyard Rancho, now a part of the Santa Anita Rancho (Lucky Baldwin estate). Originally, the property was part of the San Gabriel Mission lands. After secularization, it was granted to Claudio Lopez.

Don Francisco built his first house at the foot of the bluff; it was a large house of five rooms, built of adobe, and here some of his children were born. Nearby were the granaries, workingmen's quarters, tool rooms. There was, also, a *plateria* (silver smith shop) where two men made silver and gold filigree jewelry. The house had a long, wide corridor and in front was a large, shady grapevine arbor, the floor of which was kept covered with white sand. Many a joyous re-union took place in this charming arbor.⁷

In the year 1855, Don Francisco enlarged his already extensive holdings by the addition of a twenty-five acre orchard with all kinds of profitable fruit trees, sugar cane, and a vineyard. This property adjoined the original tract on the north side, extending his land north to Aliso Street, now Summit Avenue, and on the east to where Pleasant Avenue now runs. He acquired several other parcels of land by buying when good opportunity to do so was afforded.

Don Francisco's second house was built in the year 1858 on the high bluff, the site being seventy feet from the edge of the bluff. Here I was born. It was built of adobe and faced the dear, blessed town of Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles. The house had five spacious rooms, all nicely finished. The ceilings were of white canvas, adorned with pretty designs. Light-colored wood was used for the floors; the walls were white. A mopboard six inches high ran all along the walls of the parlor. It formed the base of a deep border about two and one-half feet high, imitating brown marble, headed by a brown moulding making a nice finish, and also serving as a protection for the wall, as the chairs were placed close to the wall. This room was about thirty feet long. It had two doors of exit, a French door with heavy wooden shutters. This faced the town. Besides the bolts, there was an iron bar which was laid across at the middle of the door on the inside. There were two large windows with twelve panes each. Since then I have taken a great dislike to paned windows with so many sharp corners. These windows had stout shutters. At each end of the parlor, a door opened into a bedroom. These had

7. An arbor or *ramada* was a common feature of California country houses.

only one window each. They were like the other windows, with the addition of heavy iron bars, painted green. All of the woodwork on the outside of the house was painted green. The east door opened into the dining room, from there to a large corridor. At the north end there was a capacious pantry, next to it a baggage room. The house had a *brea* roof. Many houses in the town were roofed with *brea* (pitch) brought from the site of the Hancock Park pits, where the prehistoric animals were found. One day, after visiting the County Museum, I went to see my very aged Uncle Geronimo, who used to have oxen for the hauling of the *brea*. I told him among the anti-diluvian animals, I saw the heads of two oxen. With disgust, he exclaimed, "Before the flood, indeed! What will those scandalous gringos say next—those are simply the heads of the poor oxen I lost in the *brea*, the heads of my Pinto and my Hercules!" Later, the *brea* was torn off and a shingle roof was built over it, high enough for a spacious garret which was well utilized for storing fruits for winter.

Pears, apples, pomegranates were buried in white sand on shelves along the walls; also vegetables, and fine big bunches of ripe grapes hung on nails from the rafters, which would keep fresh until late in the winter. The principal rooms opened out on the long, wide corridor with fine red brick floor, supported by stout pillars entirely covered with different kinds of vines, the Passion flower predominating. These vines, in their growth, interlaced so as to form a thick, protecting rendezvous for numerous small birds. Linnets, robins, and tiny humming birds in their bright plumage flitted in and out, sucking honey from the Passion flower, and made music the livelong day. This porch used to be our schoolroom. Here, we, with two or three neighbors' children, learned our first letters. We had a nice old lady for our teacher, and here, too, we studied our catechism, and learned to say the Ten Commandments by heart. The porch was cool and shady, and screened from the wind by the vines. It made a lovely schoolroom. Here on this porch it was the custom, in the evenings, and especially in summer, for all the servants to kneel down and join in

prayer while my father said the Rosary for the family in the parlor.

Thirty feet away from the front of the corridor, there stood a grand old pepper tree decked with a profusion of great bunches of tiny creamy blossoms and here and there bright bunches of its red berries, forming in all a huge bouquet. Our home was exceedingly pleasant, as it stood fronting the grandeurs of the west and its sublime sunsets. Land made ready by the power of God for human hands to embellish! Embellished by the courageous civilizers that came with the immortal missionaries.

On the north side of the yard was a deep well which produced delicious, cool water, but there was just enough water for the use of the house, as the strong current at the bottom of the well would stop up the well with sand which had to be removed often. By the well, in later years, there stood an enormous acacia tree. It called the attention of everyone to it because of its size. When in bloom it would become covered with huge bunches of cream-white aromatic blossoms.

When a very young child, one morning I went down to the orchard for a stroll, when Miss Charlotte, Miss Maria Boyle's maiden aunt, called me to come over to see her flower garden. It was a fine garden indeed!

A narrow ditch with running water divided my father's orchard from Mr. Boyle's. Their flower garden, the finest fruit trees, and their most exuberant grapevines, started from the border of this little ditch.

It seemed to me that everything that grew on the other side of the ditch was better than on our side. The big bunches of purple velvety grapes half hidden under luxuriant leaves looked more tempting than ours, and of which I could easily have helped myself, but my mother's early training taught us to hold other people's goods as sacred, so all I could do was to feast my eyes on them.

Going by a row of trees, I noticed some small plants with tiny pink and white blossoms set around the trunks of the trees. They seemed exquisite to me and their innocent-looking calyx took my eye and held me spellbound

to the spot. This was the first time I had seen a daisy.

Miss Charlotte looked back and saw me standing intently admiring the dear little flowers. She asked me what was the matter, and my only explanation was "Pretty! pretty flowers!" That was all I could say in English.

She came back smiling and picked a little bunch of them and put it in my hand. It made me very happy. Further on we went by an acacia tree in bloom and I thought it was a beautiful tree, and there were many tiny acacia plants growing from seeds that had dropped from the tree. Encouraged by Miss Charlotte's kind liberality, I asked her if she would please give me one of those little trees. (She could understand Spanish a little.) They were just about seven inches high. Very graciously, she pulled up one, pressed wet soil on the root, and wrapped a fig leaf around it. When my memorable visit was over, I went running up the bluff to show mother my highly appreciated presents. Then it occurred to me to plant the little tree by the well, and it grew and grew and I gloried in seeing it grow. It stood by the well over fifty years, to my knowledge. When father's homestead passed into other hands, father asked the new owner to spare the tree, as his daughter had planted it when she was a little child, and the tree was spared.

In this short article I will try to portray as truly as possible what I remember of the old home on the bluff where I was born, so I will go back to the year 1864. Despite the lapse of time, I will picture myself a small child again standing on the high bluff, and run my eyes once again, as of old, over that part of the valley that lay between the east side of the Los Angeles River and Paredon Blanco (White Bluff), later called Boyle Heights, now Hollenbeck Heights. From there, I see the landscape as it looked at that happy time, entirely covered with all shades of green, from the delicate Nile to gorgeous emerald. I could tell from the distance the kinds of fruit trees each patch grew from the shade of the leaves. The vineyards were at a distance, fields of corn, wheat, barley and alfalfa gracefully waving in space. A large sugar-cane patch,

with its long slender leaves glimmering in the sun (it was the species of which white sugar is made). Nearer to the bluff were the orchards with a great variety of fruit trees, too many to enumerate. But though these trees were too numerous to specify, I will not forget to identify my favorite trees, the ones that bore my best liked fruits. These were visited more frequently by me than the rest, when in season, and sometimes before—then hard punishment was administered, invariably accompanied with the unsavory castor oil. I can see the immense apricot trees—thickly covered with their glossy verdure, sprinkled over, as it seemed, with round, mellow, golden fruit, they made an admirably beautiful sight to rest one's eyes upon as they stood to the left of the principal avenue that led into the orchard, while numbers of mocking birds filled the air with their wondrous songs. Then the delicious aroma of the peaches would draw me on—they were not large, nor attractive, but oh, how sweet, as were all the fruits the missionaries brought with them to Alta California! There were rosy-cheeked pears, *de San Juan* (St. John), so called as they ripen about the 24th of June, St. John's day. There were oranges, lemons, sweet limes, citrons, walnuts, pomegranates, almonds, apples, mulberry trees, plums! The Mission figs when so ripe that their skins crack, are rich, but have never seemed as good to me as when I ate them sitting on a high, stout branch of the tree hidden by the huge protecting leaves. There were long rows of these trees along the border of the *zanja* (water ditch) that ran along the foot of the bluff. Nearby was the flower garden, where the white and pink moss roses, lilacs, snowballs and hollyhocks towered above the lilies, verbenas, marigolds, violets and daisies. In some parts along the *zanja* there were real thickets of sweet-scented Rosas de Castilla and other kinds of roses. Here and there a bed of *azafran* (saffron), another of *anis* (anise) and flax.

There were two baths by the side of the *zanja*, one, near the house, and the other in *la huerta de medio* (the middle orchard). The baths were made of wood lined with tin. The water from the *zanja* filled the baths by means

of a flood-gate and the water from the baths filled a pool below, which was used for swimming. In 1850 my father bought two slaves, a boy and a girl, Yuma Indians, from Colorado, for five hundred dollars in horses. He brought them to our home. The girl was a very good swimmer and taught my sister to swim. I was too small then to learn. This girl is still living. She grew up to become a very fine woman, very pious, and married one of the men who worked in the orchard. I do not know what became of the boy, for he ran away when he was about twenty-five, and we never heard from him again. A small glimmering *arroyo* (creek) which divided the land into two parts, east and west, made its way over the whitest sand and pebbles I have ever seen. This *arroyo* was bordered with thickets of willows, elder and other small trees.

At the northwest end of the orchard was another sugar-cane patch from which molasses and *panocha* in big quantities were manufactured. The sugar-cane itself found profitable markets among the Mexicans and Chinese, in fact everybody liked to chew it and extract its delicious juice. The *trapiches* (sugar mills) were built about 150 feet north-east of the house. They were a rude contrivance worked by a horse hitched to a pole, the horse going around and around, working the *trapiches* so that the cane was crushed and the juice ran into a wooden trough, from which it was taken and put into huge kettles and cooked until it got to a certain consistency, then it was poured into round moulds about two inches deep carved out on long thick planks which were placed on hard, level surfaces. When the contents of these moulds were hardened, they were taken out and packed for export. Sometimes we children were allowed to sit up late and wait for the syrup to cool.

Nearby were the *tapeistes*, twenty feet long by three feet wide, set up on posts four feet high, made of *carrizo* (California bamboo), where all kinds of fruit were dried by the sun. My mother was a most efficient woman, supervising the work of drying these fruits, also vegetables, and making delicious jams, which were cleverly done up in corn husks like the

tamales.¹ The jams would keep for years in these receptacles. An herb called *cha* grew in abundance in the orchards. It was similar to the plant from which the Chinese make their *cha* (tea) and the Californians years ago called tea *cha*. Now they use the Spanish word *te*. The vessel in which *cha* was prepared for use was called *charera*. The herb grew wild in all of the orchards and nearly all of the settlers made tea from it by steeping the leaves in boiling water.

But my mother obtained a recipe for the preparation of the leaves in a more scientific manner. The entire plant was washed, the leaves picked and put through a steaming process, then rolled in the hands while still moist, after which they were dropped into a wooden vessel (*batéa de pálo*). When dry each measure was mixed with a certain number of dried orange blossoms, which gave the tea a delicious, aromatic flavor. It was also valuable medicinally, being a heart sedative. (It resembles the orange pekoe tea of today). The tea was used in the home and sent to the stock ranch, called El Rancho de Chico Lopez, which is about seven miles south of Elizabeth Lake, then La Laguna de Chico Lopez, for the use of the vaqueros.

The seed of the *cha* was black, about one-quarter of an inch long, crowned at the upper end with tenacious stickers. The Americans called them Spanish needles. This home product was delicious, and once played an important part for the government. During the latter part of the Civil War, several valiant Southerners, probably originally from Texas, as the Californians called them *Tejanos*, became dissatisfied with conditions in El Monte, where they had settled with their families. They were dyed-in-the-wool Democrats, and the presence of so many Northerners and Federals filled their souls with ire. They decided to seek a new home, where they could breathe pure Democratic air. They moved to a little valley in the Tehachapi Mountains.² Rumors reached the Federal headquarters that the Southern Mountaineers were collecting arms and recruiting an army for an attack on Los Angeles. Orders

1. These were sent to the ranch for the vaqueros' lunch.

2. Near the present town of Tehachapi.

were received by United States Marshal H. D. Barrows, requiring an investigation. The Southerners had made the threat that the first Republican daring to enter into their domain would be hanged from the highest oak tree! No revenue officer would accept the task of venturing into the stronghold. Finally my brother-in-law, William Crossman Warren, United States Deputy Marshal, ventured to take the risk. He determined to disguise himself as a peddler. Knowing of the store house of our *hacienda*, he went to my mother and begged for some of her good things.

My father's large spring wagon was soon loaded for the adventure. There was a large chest filled with my mother's famous *cha*, dried fruits and the delicious jams in their corn husk coverings in the shape of tamales. Although but a small girl at the time, I remember well the wagon, covered with a brand new canvas, and the brave officer holding the lines of the team of strong horses, which might carry him to his death. He drove away with my mother's blessing, and we watched him disappear around the corner.

The peddler arrived at the settlement and received a warm welcome, as all of his kind did at that time. He travelled from ranch to ranch, finding each home built of large, square logs, all warm and cozy. Evidently for the simple reason of inspiring respect, each home had a miniature arsenal, and the men never ventured out without a rifle, pistol and knife secured to a well-filled cartridge belt.

The people were hospitable, open-hearted and enjoying prosperity. The only discordant note Deputy Warren heard was the hatred still expressed for the Republicans, and a threat to hang the first one who would invade their domain. Of course, Warren agreed with them, but a little shiver sped down his spine at the thought of what would happen to him if the Southerners might suspect his identity! Soon, his investigation was made and his load sold at good prices. The women asked him to come again. They said they wanted more *cha*, as it was the best they had tasted. He did not linger for it was not safe for a Republican and a federal officer to be around the vicinity. They had defied

any man to collect revenues from them. And so far as deponent sayeth no one ever tried it!

Having an empty wagon and a down hill road to travel homeward, the horses feeling gay, Warren sped along, not feeling entirely sure that a bullet might not come whistling from his deceived customers in the Tehachepi. He hustled along to Willow Springs, a station on the Mojave desert, where he rested the horses a bit, then hastened to Elizabeth Lake, where he arrived early in the afternoon.

He made an astonishing record for the trip and was received as a hero, his speed being as highly praised then as Lindbergh's is now. He spent the night at Elizabeth Lake, breathing easily again.

He was received with honors by the Marshal and the citizens of Los Angeles when he arrived at dusk the following day with the cheering news that the warm-hearted Southerners were not planning any attack, were hard-working and honest, and all that they wanted was to be left strictly alone to live as they pleased.

About a hundred feet south of the house was a sixty foot room where wine casks containing several kinds of wine, manufactured on the premises, were kept. Close by was a shoemaker's shop where a Mexican made shoes, chamois leather shoes being his specialty. The workingmen's quarters were next; the stable followed and the corrals and dairy were at the southeast end, quite a distance from the house. A large number of cows were milked and the product distributed or used in cheese making. There were several pigs of the finest stock penned back of the corrals and fowls of all kinds were had in abundance—turkeys, geese, ducks and guinea hens.

On the hills between Pleasant Avenue and Evergreen Cemetery grazed a band of horses and hundreds of sheep and some goats. A boy and two shepherd dogs tended the sheep, which were brought to their fold at dusk.

In the year 1863, Don Francisco took a band of horses, mules and cattle to sell in San Francisco, which brought him good profit. While there he purchased a carriage and set of silver-trimmed harness of French manufacture, just

unloaded from a French merchant vessel, for which he paid three thousand dollars. It was the handsomest carriage in Southern California. Often, I remember, at the age of five or six years, watching with great admiration the artistic painting and coloring on the outside of the carriage doors. There were scenes of castles, gardens and beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen. The soft blue broadcloth cushions, the pretty silk fringe in pastel colors that bordered the inside of the top, the embroidered straps that hung on both sides of the back seat, the silver buckles and hub screws! And how I loved to get in the carriage, after I was dressed for the afternoon, and sit on the soft cushions, and sometimes I would fall asleep.

Another incident of my childhood comes to my mind. In the autumn of the year 1862, my sister Juanita's husband, William C. Warren, had to take a prisoner to San José. He planned to remain north a few weeks, take my sister on a pleasure trip to San Francisco, and visit his brother, Stafford, who lived on a farm in Alvarado. The morning they were leaving for their trip, the family gathered to bid them good-bye. A spring wagon was to convey them to Wilmington, where they were to take the steamer, *Senator*, for San Francisco. Suddenly, a supreme decision seized me to visit San Francisco also. I began to cry and plead, but no attention was given me. When the horses started I was standing between my father and the hind wheel, I screamed with all my might, and entwined my little arms around the spokes of the wheel. In an instant, Father grabbed me, and called to their driver to stop the horses—but not before I was about to turn around with the wheel!

Comprehending my determined and soulful desire, Father kissed me and told Mother to let me go. Mother protested with the ever feminine protest that I did not have suitable clothes, but Father said to get what I needed, and putting his hand in his pocket drew forth two twenty-dollar gold pieces which he gave to my sister with the command that she buy nice clothes for me as soon as San Francisco was reached. In a short time Mother came back with my travelling necessities tied up by the four corners in a large

brown silk handkerchief. She climbed on the stirrup to put on my jacket and tie my bonnet securely. A kiss and off we went! Not another bit do I remember of the trip until I was on the *Senator* and had made friends with a little black dog, who, in turn, would run after me and I after him. One day my sister was very seasick. My brother-in-law felt he must look after her but he did not want to leave me alone. He conceived the idea of keeping me out of mischief by giving me a responsibility. He told me to sit absolutely still and watch the prisoner! The prisoner, by-the-way, was a good man, whose offense was only a business affair. When my brother came back, he found me on the same spot, my eyes fixed upon the prisoner, my small body rigid with nervous anxiety, and the little black dog sitting on his hind legs intent upon solving the situation.

As soon as we arrived in San Francisco, my sister bought for me a pretty old-rose French challie with an embroidered band around the edge worked in pastel colored silks, a fine black velvet jacket, and ribbons to hold back my curls. The crowning touch was an ermine collar and muff. A daguerreotype was taken of me in my beautiful new clothes, and I was just beginning to congratulate myself upon achieving this trip when an epidemic of diphtheria broke out in San Francisco and I was hurriedly sent home.

In the year 1858 the widow of the late Don Esteban Lopez advertised for sale her part of the land the Ayuntamiento had granted to her husband on September 28, 1835. It happened that a new arrival in town was seeking a site suitable for a home. The new arrival was none other than the affable and jovial Irish gentleman, Mr. Andrew Boyle. He saw the land and took a fancy to it. In a short time the widow had delivered the key of the adobe home to Mr. Andrew Boyle, who soon after moved into his new home with his family, Maria, his only child, who married William Workman, and her maiden aunt. In 1862 he commenced the manufacture of wine. The labels on his wine bottles bore the name of Paredon Blanco.

In 1876 Mr. W. H. Workman, who married Mr. Andrew Boyle's daughter Maria Elizabeth, conceived the idea

of subdividing a large tract of land from the bluffs eastward for settlement, which he called Boyle Heights in honor of his father-in-law.

My father followed suit, but the men whom he commissioned for the subdivision of his land took advantage of his honest and trusting nature, and hurled him into bankruptcy. The subdivision, a tract of seventy acres, is now called Brooklyn Heights.

And now no longer do the spreading vineyards of those colorful days lie at the foot of the white pebbled and majestic Paredon Blanco (White Bluff). Gone are the orchards, its waving fields of grain, the shops of the thrifty shoemaker, goldsmith and the pliers of other trades, who sang joyful melodies as they worked, with happy responses from innumerable singing birds. Even the topography of the lofty bluff is changed as it has been terraced for a street.

No sign is left of my childhood home. It is now inhabited by colonies of people of all nationalities, the Russian predominating, so it is called the Russian Colony, from Summit Avenue on the north to Third Street on the south.

MR. ARMITAGE S. C. FORBES

A Biographical Sketch

Mr. Armitage S. C. Forbes, who was suddenly stricken on April 3, 1928, with a heart attack while on a short business trip to Monterey, was born of English parentage in Bagni di Lucca, Italy, June 17, 1857.

He was of a distinguished family, his father being the Rev. Edward Forbes D. D., a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland. He was for 21 years in charge of the English Embassy church, Rue d'Agensseau, Paris, France. His mother was Julia Anna Latter (Forbes), daughter of General Barré Latter of the English army, stationed in India.

His favorite cousin was George Robinson, Dean of Westminster, while his brother, Sir Arthur Forbes, was commissioner at Patna, India, for a term of 30 years. The ancestral home was "Craigie Var" in northern Ireland.

Mr. Forbes received his education thru private tutors, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, England, from which institution he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1881. His first visit to the United States was as a vacation from college studies. He travelled as far west as Denver, and became so much interested in cattle raising that, after he finished college he returned to this country, became an American citizen, and entered the cattle business in the Indian Territory.

He and William Hallale secured a lease of 3,000,000 acres of land on the Washita River from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, the lease being approved by the Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. Henry M. Teller, a member of the Garfield Cabinet, at the time. The Indians received \$60,000 for the lease, with the additional privilege of hunting and fishing on the range and killing now and then a fat steer when in need of food,—a privilege they never abused and one which made them lasting friends of Messrs. Forbes and Mallaley.

This range was enclosed with barbed wire fencing, and an attractive and commodious house was built. It was made of logs and contained immense fireplaces. Here their college friends, the cattlemen and the occasional traveller were welcome.



ARMITAGE S. C. FORBES
At age of fifty



ARMITAGE S. C. FORBES
At age of five

The business flourished, but in 1885 Pres. Cleveland abrogated the lease and evicted the "cattle barons" from the Indian Territory. Added to this disaster, the winter of 1885 proved the most severe in the history of the Territory, and thousands of the cattle died of starvation and thirst. Mr. Forbes drove such cattle as he could to market, and with the remainder of his herd of 12,000 head, he started thru the Pan-handle of Texas, and over the staked plains, to a temporary ranch, until he finally secured by purchase a ranch near Springerville, Arizona.

In 1886 he married Harrye R. Piper Smith in Witchita. This alliance proved to be a wonderful companionship, and for 42 years they enjoyed an ideal married life with closest union of tastes and interests, and unselfish devotion each for the other. In speaking with Mrs. Forbes, she said, "Our ups and downs we bore together, our joys and sorrows we shared as one. His loss is irreparable. We never did anything alone. It was always together."

After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes went to Tacoma to live. Here Mr. Forbes bought the Pacific Soda Works. He practically controlled the entire business in the northwest.

After the death of Mr. Forbes' father, his mother being in feeble health, he sold out his interests and went to England. For four years Mr. and Mrs. Forbes lived in London in the family mansion across from the British Museum.

In London Mr. Forbes formed the European Blair Camera Co. and built a factory in the suburbs of that city, for the manufacturing of photographic films.

During this period, owing to his large interests on the continent, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes spent much time in France and Spain, especially.

While travelling on the continent, Mr. Forbes who had inherited his father's art treasures, as well as a taste for such things, added extensively to this already valuable collection. Among the treasures were Pompeiian pottery and rare china as well as paintings of the old masters. Mr. Forbes became known as an art connoisseur. As Mrs. Forbes had studied art for many years, she shared this honor with her husband.

After selling out the photographic interests to the Eastman Co., Mr. and Mrs. Forbes returned to America, and decided to make their home in sunny California.

In Glendora, Mr. Forbes purchased an orange ranch of 40 acres. When this was later sold, he went into the gold mining business in Kern Co. He also became extensively interested in gypsum mining, and was regarded as an authority along these lines. His company at one time supplied much of the gypsum used in the manufacturing of cement in Los Angeles County, and in fact throughout the State.

During the world war, however, Mr. Forbes, like so many other manufacturers, lost practically everything, but with his characteristic determination and courage he began to recoup his fortune along other lines.

Mr. and Mrs. Forbes have always been ardent civic workers and widely known for their interests in the restoration and preservation of historic landmarks. It was therefore through this interest that Mr. Forbes became a manufacturer of novelties, and specialized in making souvenirs that were exact replicas of the bells of the California Missions; the favorite one being "El Camino Real," which marks the King's Highway. The design for this was by Mrs. Forbes, but Mr. Forbes personally supervised the placing of hundreds of Mission Bell guide posts along this historic road.

Many projects of lasting benefit to mankind had their inception in the Forbes household. Among these, was the inauguration of the ceremony of strewing flowers and floral tributes on the sea on Memorial day in memory of the soldiers and sailors who lost their lives at sea in fighting for their country. This custom, which has become almost universal, for all cities in the U. S. that border on the sea, was started in Santa Monica, Calif., in 1900.

Thru their untiring efforts, the site of the signing of the Treaty of Cahuenga was saved and a memorial building erected.

When the Warner Indians were to be evicted, both worked hard to try to save the land for the Indians. They

materially aided them by selling their baskets, blankets and lace-work. It was they who called attention to the beautiful fine lace-work done by these Indians.

After the earthquake at Santa Barbara, which occurred on the 7th of July, 1925, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes were instrumental in selling about five hundred dollars worth of dolls towards the restoration of the Mission, and also for the benefit of the crippled boys of the "Hut." They designed the dolls after the painting of "Santa Barbara" in Venice, Italy, done by Palma Vecchio. The boys of the "Hut" made the wax heads for the dolls after this design. One-half of the money made in this way was given to the Santa Barbara Mission, and one-half to the "Hut."

Mr. Forbes was a devout Christian and a Mason.

While not a great club man, yet at the time of his death, he was President of the "El Camino Real" Association, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the City Club, the Historical Society of Southern California, and several Angling and Fishing Clubs, as he was an ardent fisherman.

Mr. Forbes was a very versatile and accomplished gentleman. He could read the Greek testament almost as readily as the English, but with all his many avenues of occupation, he always had time to linger long enough to have a friendly chat with his fellowmen.

In the passing of Mr. A. S. C. Forbes, the Historical Society of Southern California feels it has lost, not alone a valued member, historically, but a modest, gentle, courteous and unselfish spirit, a power behind the throne, so to speak, and yet with it all, a spirit that knew no defeat.

To his illustrious wife and devoted companion of these many years, who has herself always shown the same courageous characteristics of overcoming every seeming obstacle of fate, however harsh or cruel, we can but voice the words of the poet, Robert Louis Stevenson, when he says,—

"Let us not lose the savor of past mercies and past pleasures, but like the voice of the bird singing in the rain, let grateful memories survive in the hour of darkness."

(Committee)

Perry Worden,
Charles Yale,
Lillian A. Williamson,

WILLIAM HENRY KNIGHT

A Biographical Sketch

Mr. Knight was born in Harmony, Chautauqua County, New York, April 19, 1835, and received his early education at Jamestown Academy which he attended in 1848-51. How he came to California in 1859, he has related in "An Emigrant's Trip Across the Plains in 1859."¹ The following remarks by three of his close associates present his remarkable ability as a thinker and writer, and the work that he did for California.

Professor Dozier characterizes Mr. Knight as one who kept in step with modern scientific thought to a remarkable degree; as being level headed and positive in his conclusions and taking rank among the best students of astronomy in southern California.

In an address delivered at Exposition Park on June the 10th, 1926, when a tree was dedicated as a living memorial to Mr. Knight, Mr. William A. Spalding, past President of the Southern California Academy of Sciences spoke as follows:

. . . Mr. Knight's mind was of broad and comprehensive interest. While deeply engrossed in scientific subjects, and especially in Astronomy, his field comprehended all intellectual, ethical and cultural matters. . . He was an omnivorous reader, was gifted with a tenacious memory, and was a natural as well as a habitual compiler. He accumulated a great store of clippings and these were so nicely arranged, classified and indexed that they were readily accessible and furnished an inexhaustable storehouse of information on a great variety of subjects. This made him a ready man on almost any subject of scientific or cultural interest, and he could always furnish a biographical sketch, a historical review, a discriminating criticism of some abstruse theory on short notice. Thus he became a valued contributor to the columns of the "Herald" during . . . my administration . . .

Some years subsequent to the events mentioned Mr. Knight made an arrangement with the "Times" whereby he turned over to that newspaper his accumulations of clippings on historical, biographical and political subjects, as a foundation for its reference library; devoted his attention for some time to organizing that library, and became a contributing member of its staff. Whenever occasion required he was called upon to contribute an article on the latest development in science, art, archaeology or any erudite subject. When Mt. Lassen broke forth as a volcano, Mr. Knight was commissioned as a special representative of the "Times" to visit the locality and write a satisfactory account of the phenomenon. This he did in such a careful and elaborate manner as to dispel all purely sensational stories and command the confidence of scientific people.

1. Ann. Pub. Historical Society of Southern California, 1923.

The fact that Mr. Knight parted with some portion of his clippings to the "Times" probably stimulated him to greater efforts as a compiler, for, at the time of his death he left a great mass of data so arranged and classified that it should be of great value to any reference library, and let us hope that it may be so preserved.

Mr. Knight took a deep interest in organized effort for scientific study, cultural improvement, social betterment. The recording angel must have got him well up on the list of those who love their fellow man. He was the first promoter, and for a number of years President of the Los Angeles Astronomical Society. He was one of the organizers and an early president of the Proximo Club. During all the years of his residence in Los Angeles he was ever active in his quiet, unostentatious way, and he thus set his impress on the community; an influence that will be felt and treasured for many years to come.

And this was in line with the characteristics of his life before he became a citizen of Los Angeles. While living in San Francisco, more than half a century ago, he was an active member—perhaps one of the organizers—of the California Academy of Sciences. It was one of his articles, full of good thought, published in the old *Alta Californian* that attracted the attention of James Lick when he was casting about for some worthy beneficence to preserve his memory for future generations. He sent for Mr. Knight to confer with him on the subject, and the result of that conference was the splendid endowment left for Lick Observatory. Mr. Knight probably had a hand, in an advisory way, in the handsome bequests left to the California Academy of Sciences and the California Pioneers. Mr. Knight also had the distinction of suggesting the name of Lake Tahoe. Such quiet influences as his, help to make history . . .

On the same occasion Professor B. R. Baumgardt echoed the thought of Mr. Spalding saying of Mr. Knight:

. . . He was a many-sided man, a painstaking student in the field of science, a man who gave deep thought to all of the higher activities of life. . . He has been a real contributor to the intellectual life of Los Angeles and Southern California. His capacity for reading and digesting information on a wide range of subjects, for compiling and indexing his information to have it ready for use, was quite phenomenal. His influence with James Lick and Tom Frazier, which resulted in the establishment of the great Lick Observatory, is well known. His first thought was of building a pyramid or some lofty structures to that end, but Mr. Knight pointed to Mount Hamilton as a pyramid already built, and said, "The man who erects a great astronomical observatory on that peak, leaving something of value to the race, will be remembered for all time."

Soon after reaching California Mr. Knight was employed by H. H. Bancroft, his special field being the compiling of the Handbooks of the Pacific Coast, gathering data for special maps, and as manager of the publishing department. In *Literary Industries* Bancroft states that the collecting of books and manuscripts that resulted in the great Bancroft Library was begun in order that Mr. Knight might have at hand special material on California and the West, and that this material was placed near Mr. Knight's desk.

Coming to northern California while the Gold Rush was still in mind, living there for a number of years, Mr. Knight became familiar with the marked development of San Francisco and the northern part of the State during the period 1850-1880; as he came to southern California about 1884, living here most of the time until his death in 1925, he witnessed the marvelous development of the southern counties during the past forty years; thus his life spans almost the entire period of California as a part of the Union.

Aside from his work with Bancroft, his chief literary contributions are the many articles which he contributed to scientific magazines and the numerous articles (chiefly editorials) which he wrote for Los Angeles papers. During the period 1913-1925 alone he wrote about eighty pieces for the *Los Angeles Times* — the titles of a few being as follows: "France in Africa," June 2, 1913; "Systems of Jupiter," Sept. 28, 1913; "Sunset of Alfred R. Wallace," Dec. 7, 1913; "Approach of Nebula of Andromeda," Oct. 7, 1913; "Our Sister Planet," Jan. 15, 1924; "Banged Hair," Jan. 31, 1924; "Song of the Morning Stars," April 25, 1924; "All Eyes Now Focused on Mars," June 19, 1924; "Another Moon," Feb. 12, 1925; "A Great Stellar Triangle," Feb. 25, 1925; "What Causes Earthquakes," Mar. 11, 1925.

As Mr. Knight contributed to Los Angeles papers for a period of about thirty years, it will be seen that his writings in this field alone would make a considerable volume. It is to be hoped that some one will prepare a detailed biographical sketch of the life of this quiet but learned and thoughtful thinker and writer. Mr. Knight left four children: Mrs. Stella Ruess of Valparaiso, Indiana; Mrs. Tyrone Powers of London, England; Mr. Alfred Knight of New York City and Mr. Emerson Knight of San Francisco, California.

TEMPLE BLOCK

The Pioneer's Soliloquy

The wheels of Progress roll on, leaving in their wake sacred memories of a yesterday.

To-day, the Pioneer lawyer sat in the twilight shadows amid the treasured associations of more than half a century and visioned the harbinger of that on-sweeping giant, and before his eyes were placed these words: "Temple Block to be torn down . . . "

At last it has come, and he must leave—never more to tread the old familiar stairs he has faithfully climbed these many years—never more to cross the threshold worn by tread of many feet—never more to enter the sacred walls enfolding associations made up of consecrated faith and hope and achievements of a lifetime.

And as he sits here in the silence, Memory turns back the hands of Time and he sees the vision of the young man graduate of Michigan University who had left his home in the Green Mountain State to come to this Western land to practice his chosen profession of law, with the avowed purpose of putting into practice the principles and ideals which he embodied in his University farewell address:—

"We are young men full of hope and ambition, with firm resolves to go out into the active world to battle and to win. We are mariners in the home port preparing for a long and perilous voyage—perchance to some unknown sea, to make some discovery that may bless the world. Honor Him who gave us strength, and leave of us some foot-print on the sands of time."

Memory clears his vision. He enters his offices in Temple Block March 3, 1872, to burn the midnight oil and dedicate and consecrate himself to the most responsible and exacting profession known on earth in the pioneer land of his choice in Los Angeles, the city of destiny. His voice and vote were given to uplifting his fellow men, waiving aside worldly honors that blocked the way.

The first week in Los Angeles he publicly advocated total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State and equal morals and equal suffrage for men and women; he organized temperance lodges and Bands of Hope

to reclaim the fallen and to save others from falling. Even in the dead of night, he was never too weary to act the Good Samaritan to any fallen drunken human being calling for help or to aid in saving others from falling,—never fearing the enemy while denouncing the “Demon Rum” and its brood of evils. His persistent advocacy turned many a wandering soul back to the straight path—the true and only way of life, the only way of promised blessings.

In his early advocacy of total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State and for equal morals and equal suffrage for men and women, he stood alone—nay, not alone, for God was with him. He contributed more than \$50,000 in saving California from the conspiracy of wine and beer, the destruction of nations; never faltering, never doubting, cheerfully rendering service, victorious forever. To-day it is the law and gospel of civilization.

And so through the years memory guides and heartens, footsteps come and go over the threshold worn by many feet, joys and sorrows of one generation are emerged into the next and the office walls have heard the story. The pioneer lawyer has kept the faith of loyalty and of service.

Time wears on, and now the pendulum swings back, and after nearly fifty-four years of continuous occupancy he is about to remove to another office and say goodbye to Temple Block; and as he locks the door for the last time, he can well say with the apostle of old; “I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith” and, from the empty echoing walls, he will seem to hear the benediction; “Well done, good and faithful servant.”

Goodby, Old Temple Block!—They will tear you down and you will become as the dust, but they can never take away the memories from the pioneer’s heart while life shall last.

—Will D. Gould.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 1, 1925.

DIARY OF A FERRYMAN AND TRADER AT FORT YUMA

1855-1857

INTRODUCTION

During the pioneer days of California history, when Americans were making their way to the Pacific coast from all directions, the road past the junction of the Gila and the Colorado rivers was one of the main routes of travel and the junction was an important stopping point.

The region was historic even then. Anza, the Spanish explorer, had recognized its strategic importance three quarters of a century before, while working on the problem of a land route from Sonora to Alta California, and had established friendly relations with the Indians there. Later two mission settlements were started in the region, one opposite the junction on the site of Fort Yuma; the other about nine miles below, near Pilot Knob. By tactless behavior, the Indians were angered, and since the Spanish Government had neglected to provide adequate defense, the men of the settlement were killed and the women and children made captive. This disaster marked the end of Spanish effort to reach California by a land route.

The Mexican Government laid out a new road across the desert by way of the junction, in 1825. Trappers and Santa Fe traders used this road. David E. Jackson and party entered California by this route in 1831, returning next year with horses and mules. During the Mexican war, the route was used occasionally by Mexicans travelling between Sonora and California. It was also the route by which General Kearny with his dragoons and Colonel Cooke with the Mormon Battalion entered California. In 1849 and the early 50's after the discovery of gold in California, travel by this route numbered tens of thousands of souls. In 1850, acute troubles between whites and Indians resulted in the killing of the men running the river ferry and in attacks on white travellers generally. The following year the small detachment of United States soldiers stationed at Pilot Knob was driven away. In 1852, the American Government es-

tablished Fort Yuma, on the California side of the Colorado on the hill opposite the mouth of the Gila, and Major Heintzelman, commander of the fort, waged war against the Indians until they were subdued. With the slackening of the rush to the California gold fields, travel by way of Fort Yuma decreased, and consisted merely of the comparatively few immigrants entering California that way, of men engaged in business between California and Sonora or New Mexico, of miners who were beginning to realize the mineral wealth of Arizona, and of the teamsters and pack train employees supplying provisions to the Fort and mining camps thereabout.

Documents bearing on conditions at Fort Yuma prior to the establishment of overland stage lines are not numerous or easily available. L. J. F. Jaeger, who was connected with the ferry service near the junction from 1850 to 1877, is known to have kept a journal,¹ but its present whereabouts are not known. In 1913, however, a fragment of a diary from which extracts follow, was found in an old trunk, amid debris on the bank of the Jurupa water ditch running through the deserted settlement of Agua Mansa, southwest of Colton. The trunk was near the adobe house that had been occupied by Mr. Jaeger after the construction of the Southern Pacific Railroad bridge at Yuma had ended the need of a ferry. The name of the writer of the journal does not appear in the fragment, but internal evidence renders it very probable that it is part of the lost Jaeger diary.²

1. B. A. Stephens, Sketch of L. J. F. Jaeger, Pub. Hist. Soc. Sou. Calif. 1888-89.

2. In view of the strong probability that Mr. Jaeger was the writer of the accompanying diary, the following data relative to his early life is pertinent:

L. J. F. Jaeger was a native of Pennsylvania. Before going west he was a mechanic in the Baldwin shops in Philadelphia and in the Arsenal at Washington, D. C. He reached California in 1848, and for a time was engineer on a San Francisco Bay ferry boat. In July, 1850, shortly after the members of the Glanton party operating the Colorado ferry at Pilot Knob were killed by the Indians, Jaeger and Hartshorne re-established the ferry, building their boat of timber secured from the cottonwood trees growing there.

A military post known as Fort Defiance, garrisoned by a Lieutenant and ten men, was also established at Pilot Knob, and the soldiers and ferrymen occupied the stockade that had been erected by the Glanton party. Supplies becoming short, Jaeger went on a buying trip to San Diego and returned with several mule loads of provisions. When within sight of the stockade he was attacked by Indians and badly wounded by spears and arrows. He managed to stay on his horse, and it dashed into the stockade and saved Jaeger's life. That night the party abandoned the post and carried Jaeger, in an unconscious state, into San Diego.

In the spring of 1852, Major Heintzelman established Fort Yuma with a strong garrison. Mr. Jaeger returned with the troops and operated a ferry near the Fort.

It is very evident that the journal was not kept with a view to its publication, as it is a narrative of daily events in which details of personal business predominate. Matters unimportant to us of today receive more attention than events of historic interest. Indeed the references of present importance are merely incidental. However, it presents a clear picture of the social and economic conditions prevailing at the then little known station at Fort Yuma, and it pictures vividly its transportation problems of that day.

The fragment begins December 11, 1855, and ends July 2, 1857. There are several gaps in the narrative owing to the loss of pages. Some pages of later date have disintegrated through exposure, and are illegible.

At the time the diary was being written, the garrison at Fort Yuma was supplied with provisions mainly by vessels sailing from San Francisco to the head of the Gulf of California. Here cargoes were transferred to light draft river steamers and carried to the Fort. Occasional Government wagon trains brought additional supplies across the desert from San Diego or Los Angeles, and pack trains also came across the deserts from both Sonora and California.

The main business at the junction was furnishing beef and perishable provisions to the garrison and to the river steamers; ferrying travellers with their bands of horses, mules and cattle, or the great bands of sheep that were at that time being driven from New Mexico and Sonora to California; and the supplying of provisions for these men and beasts. The writer of the journal was connected with one of the two business firms thus engaged and had the beef contract at the Fort. He shipped in hay and corn fodder from farms down the river, and kept a stock of beef cattle at hand. To supplement the provisions brought by the river steamers, he bought cheeses, pinole or parched corn, flour, corn meal, a raw sugar called *panocha*, barley and beans that were brought by pack trains across the desert from Sonora. When rain filled the *playas* or dry lakes, the *pozas* or water holes, the *tinajas* or natural tanks of Sonora, he made personal trips with wagons over

the dreaded "*Camino del Diablo*" and visited the towns of Sonoita, Altar and Caborca in search of supplies. Two such trips are described in the fragment we have. In one he obtained water from the "*Tinaja Alta*" on the mountain side, carrying it down to his train. When the water holes were found empty, his party and his teams suffered thirst. They endured discomfort when drenched with rain, although it relieved their thirst. This journey was made at the time the forces of Gandara and Pesquiera were fighting in Sonora, and he noted the distress of Mexican women whose husbands and sons had been forced into battle. He broke the tongue and axle on one of his wagons while on the desert, and dismembered an abandoned wagon for parts needed in making repairs.

After the ill-starred Crabbe Expedition met their fate at Caborca, it became unsafe for Americans to enter Sonora for any purpose, so our diarist makes a trip to San Bernardino, California, over the old "Emigrant Road" to secure his supplies. He follows the usual road by Warner's Pass to Temecula, then northwest across the San Jacinto plains, through the Box Springs Pass, across the site of the city of Riverside, enters the river bottoms to find feed for his animals, and crosses the Santa Ana river at Agua Mansa. The arduous nature of the trip is shown by the repairs required on his wagon. He says he secured "A new pair of hounds & hub & tongue & got the hind wheels rimmed & felloes put in." All this damage had been done to an unloaded wagon. Returning with a load he wrote, "got stalled in sand in river (at Agua Mansa)—had some pulling there . . . at Temecula we got stuck again. Then in the *ciénega* at Aguanga he notes, "We had a hell of a time getting through. We got Black's wagon through very well till the last end & the large wagon we had to leave stuck in over night & borrowed next wagon to haul over the rest of the load—had hard work." Next day, "Got the heavy wagon out & all things over & got loaded up . . . & had a hard time pulling up the steep hill. Had to unload some $\frac{1}{2}$ the wagon." Another time he went with his teams to San Diego, and from there to San Pedro by steamer, the

teams making their way up the coast. He speaks of buying onions, potatoes and corn at El Monte to carry back to Fort Yuma.

At the time of the narrative the high prices of meat in California mining camps had led to the bringing in of enormous bands of sheep from New Mexico and Sonora. In 1856, in the month before Christmas, the diary records the ferrying of 28,000 sheep across the river. This movement of sheep was not unattended with danger to men and beasts. Indians and highwaymen menaced continually, and the eating of desert vegetation was only too often fatal to animals.

The hardships of the desert and the exhausting climate led many of the men along the river to seek relief in drunken orgies which were generally accompanied by quarrels and brutal fights. Such affairs were often followed by illness. The diary contains naive details of such affairs. Few men had legitimate families with them. A real American home was practically unknown. Some consorted with Indian women and others associated temporarily with women brought from Sonora. The popular social events seemed to be *bailes*, *fandangos* and a form of barbecue called "Beef-head roasts."

In the presidential election of 1856, thirty-five votes were polled at the river precinct. The records of San Diego county note "Colorado Town" and "Indian Wells" as precincts in that county east of the mountains. These were probably the only places between Warner's Pass and the Texas border where votes were cast that year. Buchanan received a majority at the river, and there was rejoicing there when on December 8 "the glorious news" arrived that he had been chosen President.

The monotony of life at Fort Yuma was broken from time to time by the arrival of a special messenger from San Diego bringing mail. On June 9, 1856, the news that the Vigilance Committee at San Francisco had hanged Casey and Cora reached the station—three weeks after the event.

At one time an inspector passed through on his way to examine the surveys of Colonel Washington, who established the Base and Meridian lines through San Bernardino

Mountain, and other surveyors running the township lines on the desert as far east as the Colorado river.

Reference to the ransom of Olive Oatman recalls one of the outstanding tragedies of the Southern Overland Route.

The routine work at the Ferry headquarters included building an adobe dwelling house and storebuilding, sinking a well, bringing stock feed by boat from down the river, running a blacksmith shop to repair the company wagons and those of passing travellers, repairing the ferry boat, burning a charcoal kiln, cutting poles for building *corrals*, making *reatas* and branding cattle. It was a busy place.

It was soon after this fragment of diary was written that the establishment of the Butterfield Overland Mail Line and the San Antonio and San Diego Stages broke the isolation of Fort Yuma. The Butterfield line brought a tri-weekly mail. This service was later increased to six mails a week. The Civil War made Fort Yuma, with its military prison, the most important place between the California mountains and the territory occupied by the Confederacy.

It can be realized that the fragment of diary from which the following quotations are made is a valuable bit of source material.

—G. W. BEATTIE.

MEMORANDUM BOOK ON THE COLORADO

Rio Colorado Ferry, 1855.

December 11, 1855. We had a fine day and John worked in the shop & Hubly got done with the . . . & some flour came in from Sonora & some beans got in from California also.

Dec. 12. We had a blowy day from the west, and I was up at the fort also and killed a beef also, and Suvera had a hard time getting in the beef, and Westron sent down \$100. dollars on the old a/c & \$20. dollars on the new a/c for beef with John Killbright.

Dec. 13. We had a cold morning—temperature 28 degrees at 6 o'clock & had some ice also in the morning. We had a fine day, and John worked in the shop also, & Hubly fixed the rope also, and commenced putting in a pair of hounds in the wagon also. Wrote to Hartshorne and to Nederbey also.

Dec. 14. We had a fine day, and killed a beef also, and John worked in shop also, and Hubly putting in a tongue in the wagon also, and Suvera went out again to get a beef to kill on Sunday.

Dec. 15. We had a cold morning, temperature 30 degrees & had some ice in the morning also, & I was up at the fort also, and John worked in the shop and Hubly put in the tongue & side board also, & Suvera brought in a steer to kill also.

Dec. 16 (Sunday). We had a windy day, and killed a beef in the evening and Milan Thompson was in also & got a bottle of molasses & he looked rather bad also and Westron & Brown was in to see us on a paseo also and we are crossing for 50 cts. a horse & man also.

Dec. 17. We had a fine day and busy fixing up the wagon also, and Reaty got back again in the evening, went so far as . . . she turned back on account of her sister going to Altar . . .

Dec. 18. We had a fine day, and I was across the river also to see about some flour and Museaty's mules got

in with flour also, 17 cargoes, he asked \$20 dollars for a cargo, and Runsted (Rondstadt) got in from Sonora on his way to San Francisco, and busy fixing yet at the wagons, and I was up at the fort in the evening also.

TRIP TO SAN DIEGO AND LOS ANGELES

Dec. 19. We had a fine day and busy fixing up for to go tomorrow & Suvero brought up the mules in the evening—three is wanting also & killed a beef also in the evening & I bought the flour also, 17 cargoes & Runsted (Rondstadt) is still here also waiting to go with us, and I counted the sheep, we have now 10 head of sheep & 18 goats & 12 kids.

Dec. 20. We had a fine day and I was up at the fort also & the teams also and got the baggage also and we loaded the wagons also in the evening also and Runsted (Rondstadt) left in the morning for Los Angeles also and we are going to leave tomorrow morning also.

Dec. 21. We had a fine day & left at 10:30 o'clock for Cooke's Wells, arrived at 6 o'clock & camped, & the mules worked fine & the loose mules got away from Antony & he did not get them. I sent him back after them & made 25 miles today & new steamer went down also.

Dec. 22. We had a fine day & left at 4:30 o'clock for Alamo Mocho & I went ahead—arriving at 1:30 o'clock & the teams got up at 7 o'clock, had to leave one wagon behind account of the heavy road, mules very tired. Made 30 miles today & at 11 o'clock Antony got up with the 5 mules & very tired.

Dec. 23 (Sunday). We had a fine day but a heavy dew in the morning & left at 7:30 o'clock for Indian Wells & arrived at New river at 3 o'clock—stopped $\frac{1}{2}$ hour and then pushed on and arrived at 6 o'clock. Made 26 miles today & mules very tired.

Dec. 24. We had a blowy and dusty day & left at 3:30 o'clock for Carriso Creek & arrived at 5 o'clock. Made 32 miles & Wm. North & Mike & Smith went ahead to San Diego & met 2 Americans on their way to the river.

Christmas, 25. We had a fine day & left at 5 o'clock & arrived at 2:30 o'clock at Vallecito. Made 18 miles to-

day & in the morning had $\frac{1}{2}$ inch ice—the coldest morning we had this winter.

Dec. 26. We had a fine day and left at 6 o'clock & arrived at 2 o'clock at San Felipe. Made 18 miles and had a tight squeeze to get through the canyon & met Dr. Spense on his way to Sonora.

Dec. 27. We had a fine day but cold morning, but in the afternoon it commenced raining at San Ysabel & arrived at 3 o'clock. Made 26 miles today.

Dec. 28. We had a rainy day and left at 8 o'clock for San Pasqual & stopped raining in the morning and we went down San Pasqual hill in the night also. Had a hard time getting down. Made 24 miles today.

Dec. 29. We had a fine day and had a heavy frost in the night, and left at 7 o'clock & arrived at Soledad at 4 o'clock. Made 20 miles today and all the boys went ahead.

Dec. 30. We had a fine day but very cold morning—heavy frost—and left at 7 o'clock & stopped at Roses' ranch 2 hours & left one team & arrived in San Diego at 1 o'clock. Made 12 miles today.

Dec. 31. We had a fine day & no steamer in & I was down to town also & busy fixing my business.

Jan. 1, 1856. We had a fine day and I sent the team out to Rose's ranch & in the evening had a fine ball Golm . . & Manass gave also, & John Kilbright got on a hell of a spree also.

Jan. 2. We had a fine day & left at 11 o'clock for Rose's ranch & I had to leave John in town account him so drunk, & in the evening had to go back to hire a man to go along with William & I got back in the evening & John also.

Jan. 3. We had a fine day & team left at 10 o'clock for Los Angeles & Billy for Warner's ranch & I went back to San Diego to go by the steamer to Los Angeles.

Jan. 4. We had a fine day & no steamer in yet & I received a letter of Ankrum from the River. Mail got in yesterday & I wrote to him also.

Jan. 5. We had a fine day but in the evening it clouded over also & nothing of the steamer yet.

Sunday, 6. We had a fine day and steamer got in in the morning & I left in her in the afternoon & great many passengers also.

Jan. 7. We had a fine day, and arrived at 4 o'clock at San Pedro & we left for Los Angeles & went up in 3 hours also & found Thompson there & Quinn left for the upper country some time ago.

Jan. 8. We had a fine day. Nothing of the teams yet.

Jan. 9. We had a cloudy day and some rain last night & John & Bob got in the Monte last night & in town also.

Jan. 10. We had a fine day & I went out to the Monte & back & I bought some onions and potatoes & corn at \$1.00 per bushel & 4 cts. per lb. onions & 2½ cts. for potatoes.

Jan. 11. We had a fine day & the team got in in the evening & unloaded also & went out ½ mile & camped.

(Entries missing till March 8, 1856.)

. . . & Bob Meek got a place to plant up the Gila also & the leaves of the trees begun to come out the willows, the cottonwood leaves coming out 2 weeks ago & I saw MacLane also up at the fort. . .

March (Sunday). We had a heavy blow last night and it commenced raining in the night and it rained nearly all day heavy showers of rain & the boys got in some cattle also and Captain is rather bad also.

March 10. We had rainy night & rainy day, nearly rained all day, & express arrived in the 12 o'clock, and we killed a beef for the fort, weight 551 lbs also & I was up at the fort also, & Hooper was down also & Ankrum is rather bad also, & Bob Meek went across up to the Gila to plant & to start a ranch also & the last time the beef was reported also to Commissary & I know the beef was bad also & the trees begin to sprout out the willows.

Mar. 11. We had a fine day & steamer got up in the morning & we killed a beef also for the steamer & I took it up to the steamer & weighed 102½ & the boys went

out to get in a beef for the fort also & Suvero brought in the caballada also & he is still sick & Captain is about the same & Wilcox is somewhat put out with Hooper about charging too much, & Ramon cut 2 cords wood also, & Hubly did not work anything.

Mar. 12. We had a fine day, & steamer went down in the morning & Hooper went across the river horseback also & back & Johnson arrived from San Diego also, & one soldier also, & we killed a beef for the fort, weight 501½ also Suvero brought it in & brought in some work oxen also & Mateo & Pablo did not come in, Hubly working at rafters & other things also & it clouded over in the evening also & I took up the beef also.

Mar. 13. We had a windy day and it blew very heavy in the evening also from the west & Chapo hauled in 5 loads wood also & Mateo & Pablo got in with a steer to kill also—not very large & not very fat also & Hubly worked at the window piece for to go in the house. Ankrim is little better also & Woods commenced hauling wood again.

Mar. 14. We had a fine day, and Hubly worked at the sills for the house also & they made 300 adobes also & Bill Woods got another steer also to work & he brought back the one he had of ours & Chapo hauled 5 loads wood also & Robert Mason setting up the (Char)coal kiln & we killed a beef for the fort also—weight 336 lbs, a small steer, & Hooper & I had a spat together about taking his beef down to the house—he wanted me, & I wouldn't & Express left for San Diego also.

Mar. 15. We had a blowy and drizzly day & cold all day & the boys got in with 2 oxen also & they also brought in Chiney Lin (Jenny Lind) & Hooper's mule that was tied out in the bottom by the Indians to run off also & Bob Meek was over also & reported that Indians had crossed cattle they got also, & I was up at fort & reported to the Colonel about the Indians & he is going to have them brought up also, and river rising fast & Hubly working at the plates and rafters also & Johnson was down also & we only got 10 goats left also.

Sunday, 16. We had a fine day & I was up with Bob Meek to see the cattle tracks also, but I could not see any fresh tracks of the cattle that was stolen also, & Jones & Sergeant Sarchars & Laga & his family crossed with us on a paseo also.

Mar. 17. We had a cloudy day & I was up at the fort & Chapo hauled 2 loads wood also & Suvero got up and he got the 2 animals also from below & Bob Mason working at the coalkiln & Hubly joining the rafters also & killed a beef for the steamer, weight 465 lbs also & I was across the river at Hinton's & Ramon Secarcey arrived on the Gila & he will be here tomorrow also, & Mial Thompson was up also, & I got Mexican to haul in some dirt in the back yard also, & my red and white spotted old cow got a heifer calf also.

Mar. 18. We had a fine day and steamer went down also & Ramon arrived here with his flour also—13 cargoes, one cargo pinole & one cargo corn meal & Miel's flour also, & Chapo hauled 5 loads wood also & Bob setting up wood for the coalkiln & Hubly worked at the rafters also, Ramon brought 2329 lbs flour & pinole & corn meal & Manuel Sopenetro brought in 1284 lbs flour also, made in all 3613 lbs meal & I was up at the fort also & Gornall & Jones was down also & I got \$200. dollars of Gornall through Jones, also crossed some Mexicans on their way to California also Chapo hauled now 45 loads wood.

Mar. 19. We had a warm day—temperature stood 89 degrees through the day also, & I was up at the fort also & Jones paid me also \$70 dollars also & Jose Patro also & Bobby working at the coalkiln also & Hubly commenced on the door for the house & Captain got up also & Billy Woods was over also.

Mar. 20. We had a warm day & temperature 90 degrees through the day & Ramon left for Sonora also & Hubly worked at the door also for the house & Bob did not do anything to the coal pit & Ramon worked at the carpenter shop putting on dirt also & at the corral at the garden & Suvero & the boys got in with two beeves—had a hard time getting them down around the mountain—they

got 6 head down & 7 or 8 more on the other side the mountain, he got thrown off his horse also but not much hurt.

Mar. 21. We had a warm day, and Oatman got in from Los Angeles also after his sister also, and I went up to the fort with him also, and she did not know him & he did not know her also, so much change in 5 years and Hubly worked at the door also & the boys got in the cattle & Chapo & Bob hauled in a load of brush for the coal pit also, & Suvero got in the caballada also, & we killed a beef in the morning and one in the evening for the fort also & Thompson's Indian was up & got the last of their beef also.

Mar. 22. We had a fine day but very warm day—temperature 100 degrees through the day, and I was up at the fort & steamer got up also & they brought up also the things off the vessel & the vessel left the river about now, and Chapo hauled 5 loads wood also & they laid dobies also at the house & Hubly got out a snag at the river also, & put on a block at the boat & Suvero got in all the mules except one bay mule. He thinks that Indians ran him off or stole him & Bob worked at the coalkiln & the leaves of the mesquit (?) trees are coming out fast & of the willows also.

Sunday, 23. We had a fine day and the Government train arrived from San Diego also with the troops also & Suvero left for Sonora with 5 mules also to bring in some provisions & Juan Jose left also & Johnson was down also, and crossed 2 Mexicans & 2 horses for Sonora & one of the copper mine men on his way to California & in the evening had a fly up with Antony also & he wants to go in to California also & he left in the evening & went up on the steamer also to stop awhile.

Mar. 24. We had a warm day & the boys got in a steer and we killed it in the evening for the fort & steamer & the dobie layer finished the carpenter shop also & laid some dobies at the house also & I got Antony back again also in the evening & the Express arrived from San Diego also in the morning also & I received a letter from Major Heintzelman also & Francisco is sick also & Captain is

nearly right well again & the leaves are coming out fast on the trees also.

Mar. 25. We had a fine day & Johnson was down also. Tuly got some medicine from the Doctor also for Francisco, & Ramon commenced cutting some poles for the new corral. I give him (contract?) to build the corral at \$10. dollars & he is to cut 400 hundred poles also, & the small corral \$6. dollars & cut 100 hundred poles also, & I worked at the chimney in the house also, & Hubly worked at the door also and Chapo setting up his wood also at the river.

Mar. 26. We had a warm day, and the Government train left for San Diego & Oatman went in with them & Hubly worked at the door & they laid about 4 hundred dobies at the house also, and I laid up some dobies at the chimney also, and we killed my black spotted steer also weight 389 lbs also, and the Serjeant & Colonel was down also and Johnson also was down, and Bob did not do anything—he is sick also.

Mar. 27. We had a fine day and crossed a large Mexican train & . . . with mules . . . Sagura—altogether 130 head mules crossed at $12\frac{1}{2}$ cts per head & about 20 men & 2 women. Had a good time crossing & Ronsted (Rondstadt) got here from Los Angeles on his way to Tucson & John Kilbride arrived from Sonoita also brought back his wagon & mule also & Johnson & Doyle went in to San Diego & killed a beef also & Pancho got back to the river also & they cut some poles and dug some holes for the corral also & the boys got in a beef also but could not get the mule & horse for Johnson & he bought a mule for \$80. dollars of Mexican and they brought in a cow with calf also river rising slowly also.

Mar. 28. We had a fine day & I was down at the lower ferry at Thompson's & he is still sick—sore hand & he is going to work out a statement and bring it up also & Black left with the . . . & I loaned him 2 mules & . . . mules also loaned him to take it in also & I sold him 12 . . . at \$10. dollars apiece also & Sergeant was down also in the evening & Hubly worked at the door also &

Ramon fitted up the pack saddle also, and in the evening it commenced blowing also, and Miles crossed here also with the team for goods.

Mar. 29. We had a fine morning and day, but in the afternoon it commenced blowing also & I was up at fort & we killed a beef and I took it up also & Chapo hauled 8 loads poles for the corral also & Ramon laid some dobies also at the house & Hubly worked at the block also and Mujans got up from below also on a visit & Malcolm got married to Mexican woman.

Mar. 30 (Sunday). We had a fine day & McLean was down also—took dinner with us & Garnall (Colonel) also & crossed some Americans for El Paso—8 men and 14 animals, and I bought 250 lbs flour also from them & Sergeant was down also & the burro train got at the Gila house.

Mar. 31. We had a blowy day & very dusty day, and I was up at the fort & we killed a beef (for the) fort also and Chapo hauled some poles for the corral & they worked at the corral also & they went out after some beef to bring in & Mugan left in the morning for down the river & John Kilbright also.

April 1. We had a fine day, and Chapo hauled 3 loads wood also & Ramon hauled 3 loads poles for the corral also & Hooper was down also, & crossed a large Mexican party also & had a fandango in the evening—fine time.

Apr. 2. We had a fine day & crossed some Mexicans, 26 animals & 11 men & 1 women also & we killed a beef in the evening for the outside also & I took it up & we worked at the corral. Chapo helped us also at the corral & John got back also & got the mule for Patrick also & in the evening the boys got up a fine baile also—kept it up till 2 o'clock also & the vaquero saw 2 Indians driving off 5 mules & 2 horses up in the bottom also—it is too bad & Bob worked at the coal kiln also.

Apr. 3. We had a fine day & worked at the corral & Chapo helped us also & putting in the poles & we killed

a beef for the fort also & John Kilbride took it up also & Bob worked at the coalkiln also.

Apr. 4. We had a fine day & all hands worked at the corral—nearly finished — John Kilbride commenced working in the blacksmith shop also in the afternoon making some bolts for block also & Chapo helping at the corral also & Mateo quit work as vaquero also in the evening & I was up at the fort & received the money from the Commissary \$515.37½ dollars for 2 months pay also & river rising 5 inches the last 24 hours also & Bob worked at the coalkiln also.

Apr. 5. We had a fine day & got through with the corral & building 2 sheds in the . . . also and Hubly working at the blocks also & John working in the shop also & Quinn arrived from California on his way to New Mexico also & Smith & Bill Williams arrived from San Diego also & we killed a beef also in the evening for the fort & in the evening had a fine ball & party—great time—Hooper & Doctor Ward (?) was down also & river rose 12 inches in 24 hours.

Sunday, 6. We had a warm day & mosquitoes very bad also & crossed some Mexicans.

Apr. 7. We had a fine day . . . & Express arrived from San Diego & Hooper got a letter from Major Heintzelman to let Ankrim have his third back again or he would sell ½ his interest to me & Quinn left for New Mexico & John Kilbride left for Sonoita also & Chapo hauled 2 loads wood & Houbly (Hubly) worked at the block also & Jesus worked at the house also & killed a beef for the fort also & I took it up also.

Apr. 8. We had a warm day & worked at the house & Chapo hauled 3 loads wood also & Bob worked at the coalkiln also & hauled one load brush also & Smith & Bill Williams went in to San Diego & Dick Holsted arrived from Sonora also & he looked rather bad also & Milan Thompson came up sick also & stopped over night.

Apr. 9. We had a warm day & Captain was up at the fort & I was up at the steamer also & got 3 bolts for the block also & Hubly working all day fixing the block

also & they working at the house also & Pablo brought in 2 steers also to kill & got Hooper's mules in for Hinton also & Milan Thompson went down . . & Dick . . . went down on a paseo also.

Apr. 10. We had a blowy day & dusty one (of) the old blows also & we put on the block on the rope also & it works fine also & Hubly making a lee board for the boat also & they worked at the house also & we killed a beef for the fort & I took it up & Express left in the evening also & Ankrim was up at the fort also.

Apr. 11. We had a fine day, and I was up at the fort & saw Hooper & Wilcox also & they worked at the house also & Hubly worked at the boat also & Woods brought over one yoke steers & the wagon also in the evening.

Apr. 12. We had a disagreeable day, blew very heavy & dusty & I was up at Fort & brought Hooper & Captain Wilcox down also & they appraised the property for one-half of Major Heintzelman's share for Ankrim to take it at the valuation & in the evening we had a fandango—had a fine time of it & some of the boys got to fighting afterwards on their way home also & Hubly worked at the door & they worked at the house also & it rained in the evening also & Doctor Spencer arrived from Sonora.

Apr. 13 (Sunday). We had a fine day & I felt very tired also & all hands.

Apr. 14. We had a fine day & they got nearly finished the house also & moved the things into the house also & Hubly got through with the door for the house & killed a beef for the fort also and I took it up also, & for the steamer also & Milan Thompson was up also & got 25 lbs flour also.

Apr. 15. We had a fine day & I was up at the Fort, & in the evening again took up beef. Killed a steer & river rising fast & steamer is loading wood also & Captain putting in window glasses also & painting also his room & Pablo brought in two steers & killed one steer also.

Apr. 16. We had a fine day & I was up at the fort & killed a beef & also I took it up & I worked at the chimney in Captain's room & Hubly worked at window frame

also & crossed Mexican with goods for Tucson, 10 animals & 4 men.

Apr. 17. We had a fine day and I worked at the chimney & Hubly worked at window frame and putting up a mast at the post to hoist the rope up higher also & Captain was up at Fort & saw Hooper, & McLean made a proposition to sell out to us on conditions as is 1000 thousand dollars, or wait till next January and then whatever the boat is worth to let us have it & Pablo brought in 2 steers to kill also.

Apr. 18. We had a fine day and Jesus worked at the chimney also & Hubly lashing the pole fast also on the large stick & we killed a beef for the fort & one of the steers got away last night—broke his reata also.

Apr. 19. We had a warm day, and Hubly & all hands worked at the room also, got the windows in & river rising fast & Pablo got in two steers also & Marcus arrived from Sonora also.

Apr. 20 (Sunday). We had a cloudy (day) & blew from the east & few sprinkles rain also & Mugas stopped here also—had a great time with him & had a baile in the evening also & had a great time, and killed a large beef, one of Thompson's wild beef, had to tie his head down to get him to the post & he weighed 659½ lbs & they got the work cattle in also.

Apr. 21. We had a warm day but in the afternoon had shower of rain also & Doctor Spencer went up to the Fort & Ankrim white washed his room & he had a fly up with . . . the dobie layer & he ordered him away & hit him few licks also & Hubly finished his room plastering & fixed the lee board & Chapo hauled 4 loads wood & Vaquero went out after beef cattle also & Mial Thompson stopped up all day.

Apr. 22. We had a fine day, and Chapo hauled 4 loads wood also & Hubly lashed at the pole and hoisted the block also & cleaned out the boat also & I and Captain cut out a door in his room also & took out the door out the store room . . . & we killed a beef for the Fort & I took it up & Pablo brought in 2 steers also for beef &

Dunbar arrived from the mines also on his way to San Francisco & Mugans made a . . . rack in the blacksmith shop.

Apr. 23. We had a fine day & the express arrived in the morning from San Diego, and we killed for the steamer a whole beef also and killed in the evening for the post a whole beef and Hubly worked at Captain's room also & calked the boat also & I saw Dunbar also & saw him about the mule also & he is going to see Rose first about it also & steamer went down also in the morning & Thompson was up also & had a talk again about his land also.

Apr. 24. We had a windy day & Ankrim got through with the statement of the Colorado Ferry affairs & Ankrim was up at the Fort also & I was up at the Fort & took up the statement to Hooper & I got paid from the Quartermaster for the hay also \$1641.72—got it in drafts on San Francisco and I let Hooper have it & he paid me \$641.72 cash & I loaned him \$1000. dollars also payable as soon as the paymaster gets out also & Ankrim got through with the room also & Hubly commenced at the new block also & Chapo set up his wood also & river is on a stand also & Mugans worked at the coalkiln also & Pablo got thrown off a horse out in the monte catching cattle also & got much hurt also—not able to do anything also.

Apr. 25. We had a windy & dusty day—a heavy blow from the northwest & Doctor Spencer was up at the Fort also & Ankrim got through with his room also & moved in also & Hubly worked at the block all day & I cleaned at my window & Pablo not able to go out account of his back & Chapo & Antony & Jesus Salya (Salas) went out after beef & caballada & got the caballada but no beef.

Apr. 26. We had a fine day and Chapo & Cilay went out after beef & they got one in in the evening also, and Dick Holstead left for Sonora, & Antony after the horse but did not get him and Ankrim was up at the Fort also & Hubly worked at the blocks for the boat.

Sunday, 27. We had a fine day & we killed a beef for the Fort & I took it up in the morning & I sent the mule up & Hooper was down also on a paseo & Doctor Spencer

left in the evening for Altar & John Kilbride arrived from Sonoita also & nothing of Suvero yet & the boys went out after beeves but did not bring any in & nothing of Dole (Bob) yet.

Apr. 28. We had a disagreeable day—a heavy blow from the northwest & dusty & in the morning John Kilbride & the German's mule was taken off & we tracked the mule some distance down the road but did not get them and we suppose they are stolen & Chapo was out to hunt the steer also that they had tied up but could not find it & he got in one of Rondo's also to kill tomorrow also & Mugan made me present of his rifle for good friendship & I had headache & throatache all day and got a severe pain in my arm shoulder—rheumatism.

Apr. 29. We had a fine day & killed beef in the morning & Captain & John went after the mules but did not get them—nothing heard of them also and they came back & Major Ringdel (Ringold) arrived from San Diego also & John Doyle also arrived in the afternoon & Chapo & Soulieg got in 2 steers to kill tomorrow & Hubly hunted for but did not find any, and he commenced making small blocks for the boat & I was up at the Fort & the water is backing across the road up the slough. River rising fast also & Robert set the coal kiln fire to burn also.

Apr. 30. We had a fine day and cleaning up in the yard also and Hubly working at the blocks & making a chicken house also & we killed a beef for the fort also & Chapo & Mexican went out looking for the stolen mules also but could not find anything of them also & made arrangements with McLean about the ferries to bring them together again if Major Heintzelman is agreed on he is to get his 6 (sixth) of the proceeds. If not he would take 600 dollars, on the first of January one thousand dollars he would take. Mial Thompson came up also in the evening & he bought Hooper's $\frac{1}{4}$ also.

May 1, 1856. We had a fine day, and I loaned McLean 2 mules to go down to Pilot Knob & Dole in Wilcox's buggy on paseo & I was up at the Fort also & we killed a beef for the outside also & they got in a beef also for to-

morrow to kill & Hubly making blocks also & got through with the chicken house & cleaning out the yard also & river falling fast & Pablo & Chapo was out & took Hinton's horse out to the caballada & it commenced blowing in the evening & McLean told Thompson about the arrangement about bringing the two ferries together & he is very much pleased & tomorrow we are going to bring up the boat also.

May 2. We had disagreeable day—a heavy blow from the west & dusty & crossed some Mexican from New Mexico—sheep man & had a hard time getting to shore also & John & Chapo went down to get up the boats also & killed a beef for the Fort & I was up at Fort & Hubly working at the blocks & Choman cleaning up around the house also.

May 3. We had a very disagreeable day, a heavy blow from the west & dusty, very cold all day & they got up with the boat at 12½ o'clock—had good luck coming up, had 6 Indians helping & Chapo & John also but they did not bring up the skiff—Thompson wants to keep it down till Clinton gets back from Sonora also & Hubly working at the blocks & Bob at the coalkiln also & Pablo did not bring in any steer for beef & some Americans arrived from Los Angeles on their way to Tucson.

Sunday, 4. We had nearly all day a heavy blow from the west & very cold but in the evening it quit blowing & crossed Mial Thompson & 2 Americans also & Pablo went out after steers for beef also, but did not get any, and Major Ringold went in in the morning to San Diego & Morgans gave his boat to us & pistol also & I have the toothache bad also.

May 5. We had a fine day & I was sick with the toothache all day & killed a beef for the Fort & John & Chapo worked in the shop, made Hooper bolts & Hinton & Hubly worked at the blocks also & John Dole & Morgans left in the morning & Patrick for down the river also.

May 6. We had a fine day & I was up at the Fort also & received some money from the officers & mess & my toothache is some better also & John & Chapo & Hubly tearing down around the house of Thompson across the river also & Pablo brought in the work steers for

Chapo also to work tomorrow for hauling wood & some Mexican arrived from Sonora also

(. . . . Entries missing till May 24)

also but could not bring any cargoes in account his animals given out & Chico & his father arrived from Sonora & his father on his way to California after goods also & Chico is going to stop on the river also if he can get anthing to do, and Jones sent one horse and one mule down to take care for him also & Robinson & Engineer (?) & one more man came down to stop with us for a few days also till they will go in.

May 23. We had a fine day & Robinson & engineer & soldier left in the evening for San Diego also & Suvero went out & caught a steer & tied it up to bring it in also tomorrow & Ramon left in the evening for Sonora also & Miles got out from San Diego with his team & got a fine stock of goods & he is going to stop a few days also here also. I made a bargain with Chico to work at 20 dollars per month to commence tomorrow or Monday & Hubly working at the blocks also & Bob working at the coalkiln also & crossed some Mexicans for California.

May 24. We had a fine day, very pleasant all day & I was up at the Fort also & got 9 teeth drawn & $\frac{1}{2}$ one of them broke off & the other $\frac{1}{2}$ is in also & Suvero brought in a steer also to kill tomorrow evening & Hooper paid me the rest of my money I had loaned to him also & Hubly working at the blocks also getting them together at last & Jesus Selas left in the evening also for Sonora & to bring a washwoman for Mr. Bowman & Joaquin Gitore's mules arrived from Sonora also with the cargoes also & going to go back day after tomorrow.

Sunday, 25. We had a fine day & we killed a beef for the Fort & I took it up also in the evening & Jesus Selas left & Antony arrived with the 2 mules from Sonora & are in bad state—worked down & had to leave Ankrim's horse at Sonora account fore feet also. I received a letter from John Kilbride also.

May 26. We had a warm day & express arrived in the morning but no mail from the States & Miss Miles left

in the evening for San Diego & Steamboat Bill also & I was up at camp also & river running back up the slough also. River rising about 5 to 6 inches in 24 hours also & Hubly working at the boat calking the flairs & Bob at the coal kiln also & Suvero going to hunt the mules of Hooper & horses also & river rising across the road backing up the slough.

May 27. We had a warm day & Hooper & Captain Wilcox left in the afternoon at 1 o'clock for San Francisco also & boys got in 2 beeves also & Hubly working at the sheaves also sawing them out & putting them in water & a Mexican getting them in from the bottom paying him \$1.00 for large sheaves also & 50 cts for a small one & river rising fast also & temperature 99 degrees through the day also & it is very lonesome dull here & Robert at the coal-kiln yet & no crossing today.

May 28. We had a warm day & I was up at Fort & got Bill Woods down & commenced hauling wood in the afternoon but he broke down one wheel and did not get any load in & we fixed up another wagon again for tomorrow & the boys got in 5 yoke steers for the wagon & Hubly worked at the boat & at the sheaves also & Bob at the coalkiln & I got an anchor off the steamboat for our boat in case of an accident & got a barrel of pork of Company G below the hill & we killed a beef for the Fort also & Miss Bowman is very sick also very dangerous also.

May 29. We had a warm day, temperature 98 degrees through the day & hauled 4 loads wood also & Suvero got up 5 head work oxen for tomorrow again & Chico helped Woods with the wood also & Hubly working at the sheaves and at the boat also & Bob at the coalkiln also & express went in to San Diego also & river rising still & no crossing at present & very dull at present.

May 30. We had a fine day & Chico hauled 3 loads wood also & got through hauling the wood also & Suvero went out and caught a steer for beef for tomorrow to kill & Hubly working at the boat & sheaves & Bob at the coal-kiln & crossed Bill Woods & horse & 2 Americans. Mc-Lord on his way to Tucson & very warm day temperature

100 degrees through the day also & I watered the garden also & river rising.

May 31. We had a warm day and I was up at the Fort & Miss Bowman is very sick also & we killed a beef for the Fort & I took it up also in the evening & the water went $\frac{1}{2}$ way over the axletree of the cart & John Kilbright & Heather & Slaton got back also from Sonora & John did not bring Guadeloupe along with him & the animals look fine also & river still rising & Hubly working at a wagon wheel also & old Bob still at the coalkiln.

June 1 (Sunday). We had a warm day & the boys & 3 Indians trying to get out the cattle out of the Willow Island but did not succeed in it could not get any out of it & Bill Woods crossed and recrossed & company also & John & Slaton went across up to Woods' place to see whether Jose Murieta's mules got in or not & temperature 102 degrees through the day also.

June 2. We had a fine day and we killed a beef in the evening & I took it up & the crossing is getting bad—also the slough—and John went across the river on a paseo also & he did not do anything all day & Slaton also & Hubly worked at the felloes for a wagon wheel also & Bob at the coalkiln also & Chico hauled 2 loads wood also & Miss Bowman is still very sick yet. River is still rising & the bottom getting overflowed filled the

June 3. We had a fine day & we killed a beef for the Fort & I was up at Fort also & the crossing at the slough is very bad & John working in the shop & Slaton & Bob got very bad drunk also in the afternoon & Slaton went up on the hill & cut up some & he was put in the guard house & Heather was down also & got tight also & stopped over night with us also.

June 4. We had a warm day & temperature 101 degrees through the day & boys got in a beef also for tomorrow & got up 4 more cows for milking & Jose Murieta's mules got here at our place & I bought his flour at 24 dollars cargo & corn also at same price & cheese also 9 cargoes in all & John worked in the shop & in the evening he went up on the hill & got tight again & 2 Americans

got in from Los Angeles also on their way to Tucson & Hubly worked at the well—got it finished & pulled an arrow out a steer the Indian shot in Santiago & Patrick got up with his boat in the evening also, had a hard time getting up.

June 5. We had a warm day & crossed some Americans & 2 Mexicans on their way to Tucson also & John worked some in the shop also & Hubly built a shed (?) over Charly also & Bob at the coalkiln also & river rising fast also, & bad crossing the slough also & we killed a beef—a cow & she was very fat & had a small calf in her also a few months old & I was up at Fort in the evening took the beef up also & boys brought in the caballada & 2 mules missing again.

June 6. We had a very warm day & temperature 104 degrees through the day & river still rising & busy all day crossing all day & John at the wagon tire also & he left in the evening & Charly's woman also gone in to Sonoita & Bob still at the coalkiln yet & Hubly & Chico working at the shed at the butcher shop also.

June 7. We had a very hot day temperature 108 at 10 o'clock & 110 at 12 o'clock & 112 in the afternoon & 106 at 6 o'clock in the evening & river rising still & John Kilbride got off at 10 o'clock today—had a stampede last night some of the horses got away & Charly's woman got back again—did not go off & is going to stop again & Hubly & Chico working at the shed also & Bob still at the coalkiln & we killed a beef in the evening & I took it up & the water is rising in the cart also getting bad crossing also & I ate some fresh corn.

June 8 (Sunday). We had a hot day temperature 109 degrees through the day & river is still on a rise, it rose $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. the last 24 hours also & Garnall (Colonel) was down also in the evening & Charly's woman also & she is going to stop at the widow's for a week also till she gets a chance to go in to Sonora also & Suvero went out and saw the caballada also & I moved out doors in my old bedstead to sleep again—it is too hot to sleep in the house in

the room also & we lost one calf in the morning it died in the corral also it was fat calf.

June 9. We had a hot day & Hubly & Chico building the shed also upon the butcher shop & Suvero went out after beef—tied one up also & Bob at the coalkiln & express arrived from San Francisco also & brought the news that they had caught the two prisoners—Vigilance Committee hung them & great excitement about it & news from the States—Russians & English & French made peace also & I was up at Fort also & bad crossing the slough & some immigrants arrived yesterday up the river also from Texas on their way to California.

June 10. We had a warm day & some Mexicans got in from California on their way to Sonora also & Hubly making a bedstead also for Chapo & Bob at the coalkiln & we killed a beef for the Fort & I took it up also & had a good time getting across the slough—water is very deep also & crossed 3 Americans from Tucson on their way to California—they bring news that no immigrants on their road also & I got paid off from the Commissary for 2 months pay for beef also—\$899.37 cts also.

June 11. We had a fine day temperature 103 degrees through the day & boys brought in a cow for beef in the evening also & Hubly worked on bedstead for Chapo also & coalkiln is shut up also in the morning & Wright was down also & I got Bill Woods boat—borrowed it for to put in the slough also & no (one) crossed & Pancho was down also & brought down the 2 shirts also.

June 12. We had a warm day & temperature 105 degrees through the day & Suvero & Chico went out looking for the stock & to get some out of the island & river falling some also & Charly's woman left in the morning & some Mexicans also from Los Angeles & Hubly got through with Reaty's bedstead work at 3 days also & we killed a cow & I took it up to the Fort also in the morning.

June 13. We had a warm day & boys brought in 2 steers to kill also & killed in the evening and I took it up to the Fort also & river falling yet & express left in the evening & crossed one of the horses a mining com-

pany for the mines & Hubly wrote to Washington about his stores also & he working different things also & Heath . . was down also.

June 14. We had a warm day & Lytle arrived from Los Angeles also & boys did not get any more steers to kill & we killed in the evening & I took it up to the Fort also & Hubly working out around also & Bob at the coalkiln & Miss Bowman is very sick also.

June 15 (Sunday). We had a pleasant day temperature 103 degrees through the day also & Gornall (Colonel) & Goldsmith & soldier stopped overnight with us & took breakfast with us also & boys caught up 2 steers for beef but aint got them in yet & sergeant & Bowman was down also.

June 16. We had a pleasant day & boys got in 2 steers—one of them Bowman's & we killed in the evening & I took it up to the Fort in the evening & McLean came down in the evening also on a paseo & Lytle went over to see Wm. Thompson about his share of his boat also & Hubly made a rake & Robert & Cantock commenced drawing the coal & it is nearly burned out also & a good deal of wood in yet.

June 17. We had a fine day & McLean came down with me last night & stopped over night with us & stopped all day with us & I took him up in the evening & boys did not go out in the monte making ready all day & Hubly putting in glass in the windows also & Slaton painting & drawing coal also & the coalkiln is bad burned also & a pleasant day temperature 99 through the day, & an Indian went after . . . also in morning below.

June 18. We had a fine day & Lytle went across the river to settle with Thompson & Hubly putting in window glasses & Slaton painting also & Bobby & Contuchy at the coal hauling up & crossed an American family from the States on their way to California—5 mules & 1 wagon & one woman & 3 children & 3 men & Suvero & Chico making ready also & Ben down below looking for stock & found the 8 head work oxen below & river is about on a stand also.

June 19. We had a warm day temperature 107 degrees through the day & Miles arrived from San Diego also & with goods on his way to Tucson also & Ankrim & Chapo arrived from Sonora also in the evening & had a hard time of it & the cattle will be here within 10 days from Tucson & found the cattle fine in good order & fat & Hubly putting in some glass & Slaton painting also & they drew a few more coals also in the morning & they brought in 2 beef also & Lytle got his (interest in the ferry) back again from Thompson in the morning. Thompson was over in the morning also.

June 20. We had a fine day & killed a beef in the morning & I took it up also to the Fort & river is rising slowly also & Miles Selbig past (passed) his goods & I put in a proposal for beef at 12½ cts per lb & old Thompson pulling down the house on the other side the river also at the ferry.

June 21. We had a fine day & killed a beef & I took it up in the morning & McLean came down with me also & spent the day with us & nothing of the proposal for beef yet & I took him up in the evening again & Hubly working making doors for the garden also & Bob was about quit work & some of the coal burned up also in the morning & they drawn some coal also & some Americans arrived from Los Angeles on the look out for work & river is about on a stand also & old Thompson pulled down the house on the other side the river also & took away even the poles.

June 22 (Sunday). We had a warm day & Doyle & Catlick was down also—spent the day with us & boys brought in 2 steers to kill also & a great many people was down to buy things of Miles also & crossed 2 Americans & some of the stays give away on the other side the river also.

June 23. We had a warm day, temperature 113 degrees through the day & hot breeze all day & Hubly putting in new post on the other side the river for stays also & Boly loafing about yet & killed a beef in the morning & I took it up to the Fort & boys went below looking after the cattle also & river falling also . . . & Miles left in the

evening also for Tucson & Cantrick went with him also & I went up in the evening & sergeant came down with me also & coalkiln still burning yet & express got in in the afternoon also & not much news also & in the evening a heavy breeze from the east.

June 24. We had a fine day—temperature 102 degrees through the day & crossed Mr. Banet from the States & 10 men & 2 wagons & 18 animals on their way to California & killed a beef & I took it up in the morning & I signed the contract for the beef with D. Barry commencing on the first of July at 12 cts per lb also & Captain sent Bobby Mason off also in the morning & he crossed the river & I sent Slaton with the cart down to the wagons also & Murieta also with him & Hubly put in 2 stays at the windlass also & boys looked after the animals also & Weston & Pancho had quite a fly up also.

June 25. We had a pleasant day & we bought Mr. Lytle's share out also. I made the agreement for 600 dollars, 400 dollars down & note 200 in 3 months payable to satisfaction both parties & Lytle left at 12 o'clock for Los Angeles also & Hubly making a gate for the garden also & Pancho was down to see me also & had a talk about Rose. Ankrim tried to get her also but she don't want to come into the arrangements. The rains must (have) set in up the Gila & in Sonora also. & I am getting better also. Wrote to Hooper about buying Lytle out also.

June 26. We had a fine day & killed a beef in the morning also & I took it up and Hubly working at the coalkiln also & Slaton & express left in the evening also for San Diego & boys brought up a steer for beef but did not bring it in yet & river falling fast also & wrote to Hooper & Hartshorn also.

June 27. We had a pleasant day & a fine breeze from the southeast we had a fine breeze for the last 5 or 6 days from the east & the rains must have set in in Sonora also & Slaton hauled up some charcoal from the kiln also & Hubly fixing the boat on the other side the river also & Ankrim & myself fixing up the books also & Chapo & Chico went down on the other side the river to cutting

poles for make a corral also on the side the river and Suvero brought in a steer to kill tomorrow also—river still falling & we saw Bill Woods also in the morning.

June 28. We had a fine day & killed a beef in the morning & I took it up & in the evening I went up & brought down the Doctor & McCalla & Lee Nickles & stop over night with us & in the evening had a great time. Dole & Catlick was down also in the spree also & Chapo & Chico got back of cutting poles & Hubly made a table for Captain also & crossed some Mexicans on the way to Sonora also & we saw Wood again in the morning.

June 29 (Sunday). We had a pleasant day and a fine breeze from the east & Doctor & McLane & L. Nickels spent the day with us & I took them up in the evening also and Suvero got in a steer for beef & got in the work cattle for to haul the poles tomorrow for the corral on the other side the river also & McCarty's sister got back but Narty did not come up she will be up in a month from now also.

June 30. We had a fine day & Slater & Chapo & Chico went down in the morning with two teams & hauled 2 loads poles for the corral also took them all day to make 1 load apiece & Hubly working at Captain's table also & Ankrim & I fixing up the books also.

July 1. We had a pleasant day & we killed a beef & I took it up also in the morning & I got paid off from the commissary \$431.87cts & off the officers mess also & boys got off early in the merning & got up at 2½ o'clock & unloaded & took supper & went back again & Hubly worked some at the table & at the corral on the other side the river for to cross the cattle. Dodson arrived & Douglas up the Gila about 20 miles with 108 head—good luck—did not lose one on the road & Dodson was over & got some provisions of us also & went back & cattle looking fine. River falling fast & Manuel—Indian—planting some in our garden & they got up with 2 loads poles also.

July 2. We had a fine day & fine breeze from the east all day & . . . had a fine rain up the Gila & in Sonora also & I was up the Gila & met the cattle also & found the cattle fine & Douglas came down with me also & took

supper with us & crossed back & the cattle arrived in the evening on the other side river & Washburn arrived on his way to Tucson & boys got up with 2 loads poles & went down in the evening after other loads poles also & Hubly working at the corral also & Clinton Thompson was over to see us also.

July 3. We had a cloudy morning & cloudy very warm day the heat we felt most all day very warm & crossed our cattle in the morning—had 108 head—had good luck in crossing them & I was up at Fort and borrowed 5 hundred dollars of Morton payable in 2 months & we killed a fine beef in the evening of the new ones also weight 524 lb good weight & I took it up also & boys brought up in the morning 2 loads of poles & went back & got up with 2 more loads of poles also & crossed Washburn also in the morning on his way to Tucson & had few drops of rain last night also & had a shower of rain up the Gila & in Sonora also.

July 4. We had a warm day & Douglas left for Tucson & paid him \$1038.87 on cattle & Dodson left for Los Angeles also & boys went down & brought up 2 loads poles also & Hubly working at the table also & had quite a blow in the evening & raining around us also & thunder & lightning also and raining hard in Sonora & up at the hill they fired a national salute 32 guns & very cloudy all day and in the evening also & gave our note 3 months to Douglas for \$600. & boys let the cattle out over night also doing fine.

July 5. We had a very warm day & we killed a beef in the morning & I took it up to Fort, one of D. & D.'s (Dodson & Douglas), & Hubly went down with Slaton & Chapo to cut 2 posts for the rope also & crossed some immigrants on their way to California, 5 men & one wagon & 7 animals & Chico's father arrived from California also river falling fast.

July 6 (Sunday). We had a fine day—very warm day—temperature 112 through the day & Ankrim was up on the hill & he got a letter wrote to . . . for a woman also & Pancho was down in the evening & I had a talk about

Rose again for Captain but I can't say whether it will be done or not & American stole Bob's money . . . across the river at Hinton's, but he got it back again & they suspect him & give him 3 hours to leave & he left & crossed over & put in to California.

July 7. We had a hot day & killed in the morning & I took up the beef & boys went down in the morning & Hubly & brought up 2 stakes for the rope & one load poles & some Mexicans arrived on their way to Sonora—about 40 head animals & 6 men & 2 women.

July 8. We had a fine day & boys went down again after logs & poles & brought up one load & had to leave one wagon account breaking the tongue off & crossed some Mexicans on their way to Sonora—34 animals, & 6 men & 2 women & 3 cargoes & also 2 Americans & one Mexican & 2 horses also & paid Chico's father off \$66. dollars for work he done with the cattle also & had the caballada in & cured the animals also.

July 9. We had a fine day—temperature 108 degrees through the day also & boys went down below after logs & brought up 1 log & one large post for on the other side also & no express in yet & they brought in the cattle in the evening also & Clinton Thompson left for Sonora also & no crossing & Chico's father left in the evening for Sonora.

(TRIP TO SONORA)

July 10. We had a fine day & killed a beef & I took it up to the Fort & Chapo & Hubly went down again after the stick for on this side also & Slaton stop up & fixing the harness & Captain also helping & getting ready for to go in Sonora with the team & they brought up 2 steers from on this side also & express arrived from San Diego also.

July 11. We had a warm day & very windy in the afternoon & dusty & we brought over the logs in the morning also & turned out the teams & fixing the wagon up also & boys brought in the cattle in the evening for to kill one tomorrow also.

. . . . (Entries missing to July 21, 1856.)

. miles drive & stopped at John Kilbride's & John

shoeing the mules & I took a ride up to the American camp & saw Brady & Lipon & saw Woods & Bobby—found them all right.

July 22. We had a fine day & John shoeing the mules & we left at 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ o'clock & fine night & John put on 29 mule shoes also—drive all night.

July 23. We had a fine day & arrived safe at 6 o'clock—made 40 miles in 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours—stop $\frac{1}{2}$ hour on the road & left at 5 o'clock in the evening.

July 24. We had a cloudy day & arrived at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock at Sonoita (?) made 20 miles this drive in 8 hours & plenty of water at the posa & caught up with B . . . & left at 5 o'clock & went on 3 miles & camped . . . & we had a shower of rain—a heavy rain—made 3 miles this drive.

July 25. We had a fine day & left at 5 o'clock & went on . . miles & camped at 11 o'clock & stopped 2 hours & found plenty of water along the road & made the Laguna at 7 o'clock in the evening & camped—made 41 miles in 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours drive & found plenty of grass.

July 26. We had a fine day & left at 5 o'clock for Altar and arrived at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock & stopped one hour & then pushed on 3 miles farther & camped—made 15 miles in 6 hours drive & I went on to Caborca—arrived at 7 o'clock—made 34 miles & Doctor Spencer was not at home—down at Wimas (Guaymas)—I was at his house also & I could not cross the river—had to get a Mexican to go around with me also.

Sunday, 27. We had a fine day & busy looking around getting things also & had a shower of rain also.

July 28. We had a fine day & I & Ramon Escary went up to Peatecek (?) to see after flour but could not get any flour & I made 15 miles today & had a shower rain also.

July 29. We had a fine day & busy getting things ready and had rain.

July 30. We had a fine day & busy getting things ready & had rain.

July 31. We had a cloudy (day) & had rain last night & a great time getting the soldiers together for the

fight—a great time in Sonora (?) & . . to send the soldiers to Ouras (Ures) to fight. Some hid in the milpa & some ran off.

August 1. We had a fine day & a great time among the natives about fighting.

Aug. 2. We had a fine day & we got off at last at 12 o'clock & a great time—children & women crying after us also & got mired down also outside of town but got out & got half way to Peatycey (?) & it commenced raining heavy—thunder & lightning & women praying also.

Aug. 3 (Sunday). We had a cloudy (day) & showers through the day & left at 5 o'clock & made camp at Ranchety & sent the flour to Butterick (Peatysie) to be sifted & going to stop till tomorrow & they got back with the flour.

Aug. 4. We had a fine day & left $\frac{1}{4}$ after 5 o'clock for Altar & arrived at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 11 o'clock. We had a shower of rain last night & I got 3 cargoes of flour of Sapatro also.

Aug. 5. We had a fine day & stopped all day & I sent Chico back to Caborca after a woman also for Captain—we could not get any one for him & a great time among the soldiers here.

Aug. 6. We had a cloudy day & was going to leave & in hitching up the 2 leaders frightened & ran around & broke off the wagon tongue & then could not leave. I had to put it in & make it again. I put it in in 6 hours also.

Aug. 7. We had a fine day & left at 6 o'clock & went on one mile & met with a accident & broke the axletree & stopped us 8 hours & I mended again & went on 9 miles & camped at 7 o'clock.

Aug. 8. We had a fine day & left at $7\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock & made the Laguna at 9 o'clock & going to stop till tomorrow. Made 6 miles & got three cheese of Sapatro also & Malcalm left this morning.

Aug. 9. We had a fine day & had some rain last night & thunder & lightning & I got 14 cheese & 6 small ones also & left at $4\frac{1}{4}$ o'clock & went on 4 leagues also & camped—made camp at 9 o'clock—made 12 miles.

Aug. 10 (Sunday). We had a wet morning—a heavy thunder shower & rain last night also & left at 6½ o'clock & got mired down also, but got out well & stopped at 12 o'clock till 4½ o'clock & then pushed on 9 miles to a lagoon & camped & met Mexican from the river also. Made camp at 9 o'clock. Made 26 miles & met Dick Halstead on his way to Altar.

Aug. 11. We had a fine day & left at 6½ o'clock & went on 2 miles to the hill & got stalled also but had to unload & then went up also & had a heavy pull all day—heavy sand road & camped at 12½ o'clock within 6 miles of Sonoita till 4 o'clock & then went on one league & camped at the hill & made 12 miles today & mules very tired & I took in Francisco to Sonoita—he is very sick also & Slaton is very sick also bad.

Aug. 12. We had a fine day & I went back to the wagon & in the afternoon brought up the wagon to Sonoita—Slaton very sick also. Made 6 miles today & wagon 3 miles.

Aug. 13. We had a fine day & left at 4 o'clock in the evening & saw Nach Bascus also & Francisco is better also & made camp also at 8 o'clock. Made 9 miles.

Aug. 14. We had a fine day & left at 6 o'clock & went on 10 miles & camped till 3¼ o'clock & then pushed on & I had sent 2 boys & 2 women ahead also to water & made camp at 7 o'clock—made 20 miles and the women & boys made the first water & went on 12 miles farther also & met Walker's train on their way to Altar also.

Aug. 15. We had a fine day & left at 6 o'clock & our wagon nearly broke down & camped 12 miles off Sonoita & left at 6½ o'clock & had to leave 3 cargoes of stuff & then went in to Sonoita—arrived at 11½, made 26 miles in 12 hours also.

Aug. 16. We had a fine day & sent Chico after the cargoes to bring in & he got in & can't get an axletree for the wagon.

Aug. 17 (Sunday). We had a fine day & I got a wagon of the Mining Company also to go to the river & I got to bring a load back again for them also & I got the wagon

loaded & had to leave 3 cargoes of flour & one fanega of beans & $\frac{1}{2}$ cargo of panocha & sack of barley with John Kilbride also & $\frac{1}{2}$ cargo pinole.

Aug. 18. We had a fine day & could not leave account Francisco very low & poorly.

Aug. 19. We had a fine day & teams left in the morning & I stopped behind till tomorrow & Francisco is some better also.

Aug. 20. We had a fine day & John & I left at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock & arrived at Agua Dulce at 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock made in 4 hours drive. 20 miles & Slaton took on the wagon 12 miles & brought back the mules at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.

Aug. 21. We had a fine day & left at 6 o'clock & stopped 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours at the wagon & took breakfast & then pushed on to the playa & went ahead to hunt for water & found some plenty right in the road & 2 miles off the road also at the laguna & arrived at 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock at the playas & at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock the wagon also & camped. Made 25 miles & with the wagon 15 miles in 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours drive.

Aug. 22. We had a fine day & left at 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock & found a heavy road & had to turn back again & take a new start & they got up with the team at 4 o'clock & I left them at 20 minutes after 4 o'clock & arrived at Cabesa Prieta at 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ o'clock & camped. Made in 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours. Made this ride in 7 hours in all from the playa 30 miles.

Aug. 23. We had a fine day & laid over all day & found water up at the Cabesa Prieta. I went up & Jose Orteiz & took us 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours to go up & stopped $\frac{1}{2}$ hour & took us 2 hours to get back—a very bad road made 10 miles & I sent back a man to the wagon & they got up at 4 o'clock & they took up their mules to water also.

Sunday, 24. We had a fine day & laid over all day & I left in the evening at 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ o'clock for the pozas & the team at 12 o'clock in the night & I went on 18 miles drive in 4 hours. Arrived at 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ o'clock.

Aug. 25. We had a fine day & we left at 25 minutes after 5 o'clock also & arrived at 10 minutes before 10 o'clock. Made 18 miles in 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours, and in the evening pack train got in from Altar for the river loaded with pro-

visions & poor Francisco died in Sonoita in Sonora also Thank God that he has taken him to his home; he is better off than we are.

Aug. 26. We had a fine day & the wagon got in at 7½ o'clock & I am going to leave with the pack mules this evening at 5½ o'clock & went on 9 miles & camped & wagon going to leave tomorrow.

Aug. 27. We had a fine day & I left at 5 o'clock & went on 12 miles at the foot of the mountain & arrived at 9 o'clock & left again at 3¼ o'clock & got home at 8 o'clock. Made drive in 4¾ hours. Made 46 mile drive in all 8¾ hours. Found things all right.

Aug. 28. We had a fine day & steamer left at daylight & Nagle was up also & stopped at our house also & busy fixing my account also & I received an invitation to a wedding of my sister Amanda at home.

Aug. 29. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort also & team got in at 3½ o'clock all right & sergeant was down on a spree & McLean & express left in the evening also.

Aug. 30. We had a fine day & had a great time. Jones & Fulmer & sergeant was down also & Captain & Slaton went up on the other side the river to see whether Pablo had not our mule that got away from Slaton on the road but they did not find it among his caballada.

Aug. 31 (Sunday). We had a fine day. I was up at Fort also & steamer got up

September 1. & Chico quit work also in the evening & going to cut hay for Garrnall also & Jones & Hooper arrived also.

September 2. We had a fine day & steamer went down also & John worked in the shop also shoeing mules for Brudez also & Suvero brought in a steer to kill.

Sept. 3. We had a fine day & Patrick got up with the hay boat also & commenced unloading & John cut 4 wagon tires for the surveying party & killed a beef also & I took it up to the Fort.

Sept. 4. We had a fine day & I helped John on the shop & put on 6 wagon tires & cut 4 also & they did not

get through weighing the hay & the scales broke also. I borrowed the Post scales also.

Sept. 5. We had a fine day & got through weighing the hay & Patrick left in the evening with the boat; had on 14500 weight of hay.

Sept. 6. We had a fine day & I was across the river at Hinton's & steamer got up also in the afternoon also & received a letter from Patrick that a plank sprung off the boat also at Algodon—bad luck.

Sept. 7 (Sunday). We had a fine day & steamer went down also in the morning & she took wood on at our place & Ankrim went down in her also & Thompson got in & Bill Woods also. Sapatro got in with the barley & flour—43 mules, & Suvero got in a steer to kill also & had a good lot cattle in—counted 149 head cattle in the corral.

Sept. 8. We had a fine day & killed a beef & I took it up also & I received 7 cargoes & 258 lbs barley from Sapatro also & he has got plenty of flour also to sell & nothing of the boys yet from below & some emigrants got in also from California & I was across the river up at Hinton's also & boys got back from below fixing the boat also & Slaton went along down with Patrick in the boat also.

Sept. 9. We had a fine day but cloudy towards Sonora—looking for rain also & John set the tires on the 3 wheels also & work in the shop also & crossed 3 immigrant wagons & 9 men & 2 women & 6 children & 24 animals also on their way to California from the States or Texas also & killed a bull—got his leg broken out in the bottom & had to kill him & express got in also in the morning & got a letter from Ames in San Diego.

(SECOND TRIP TO SONORA)

Sept. 10. We had a fine day & fixing to get off for Sonora etc. & killed a beef also for the Fort & John took it up & nothing of the steamer yet & I sent a man down to Patrick to cut hay & Pochy got orders to leave the river account selling liquor to the soldiers also & crossed 3 Mexican wagons going to Sonora.

Sept. 11. We had a fine day & nothing of the steamer

yet & I am ready to leave for Sonora & John got through in the shop also & boys had all the mules in the corral also.

Sept. 12. We had a fine day & busy getting ready to leave tomorrow.

Sept. 13. We had a fine day & I was up at Fort also & busy all day getting ready to leave & got off at 5 o'clock in the afternoon at Hinton's & loaded the wagon—got on about 2500 hundred lbs & made camp at 12 o'clock at night—made 15 miles & mules very tired—heavy pulling also & Jones in company with us & I took along \$300 dollars also & I bought Sapatro's flour & pinole.

Sept. 14 (Sunday). We had a fine day & wagon aint got up yet & left at 12½ o'clock & made Tinajas Altas at 8 o'clock—made drive in 7½ hours—made 40 miles & Jones got in at 4 o'clock & his mules & horses very tired out also & very little water in the Tinajas Altas also.

Sept. 15. We had a fine day & I & Jones hard (at work) passing down water & Slaton & John got in at 10 o'clock & had a hard time to water the mules also & I & Jones left in the evening at 6 o'clock for the playas also & Slaton & John going back after the wagon in the night.

Sept. 16. We had a fine morning & arrived at playa at 8 o'clock & I went in after the water 2 miles off the road but did not find any water, then stopped 2 hours & pushed on to Agua Salada & 3 miles this side met Walker & he gave me some water & I was very hard up for water & I was caught in a storm & heavy rain 2 miles this side of Agua Salada also—made camp at 4 o'clock—made 75 miles this drive in 18 hours & Walkin took in . . . & cheese in also & stuff also.

Sept. 17. We had a fine day & Jones & Thomas got in in the morning & it rained behind them also & Rayas got in off the Cabesa Prieta road also & it rained heavy on that road also & I sent after Slaton with water also Jose Ortez.

Sept. 18. We had a fine day & Jones & Thomas left for Sonoita also in the morning & Ortez got back & found plenty water in the playas also but did not meet Slaton

on the road & some Mexicans got in off Cabeza Prieta road also. It look very much like rain in the evening.

Sept. 19. We had a cloudy day & Sapatro got in with his team also at 10 o'clock & the 2 small wagons also & one of the small wagons broke down also & Tuly & Jose got down from Sonoita also to see me & she took it very hard for Francisco & she brought down some meat & tortillas also.

Sept. 20. We had a fine day & Antony & Ortez left for Sonoita & Quatry & Joaquin Gidcover (?) arrived from Sonoita on his way to the river also & I went up with him to Sonoita & stopped with him & John got in in the night & he left the wagon at the playa also & mules very tired also & 2 of the mules died also at the Tinajas Altas—I think they ate some of the poison weed also. Made 21 miles today also & no water at the Tule Tinaja & Tinajas Altas.

Sept. 21 (Sunday). We had a fine day. Nothing of the wagon yet & John took a paseo.

Sept. 22. We had a fine day & team got in & mules very tired down & Jones & Thomas left for Caborca also.

Sept. 23. We had a fine day & I sent the mules below to grass for Saturday night.

Sept. 24. We had a fine day & I & John & Slaton went up to the American camp & at Dunbar's & it rained in the evening & John & Slaton got crazy drunk also.

Sept. 25. We had a fine day & I working at the wagon also.

Sept. 26. We had a fine day & finished the wagon & I was up at Dunbar's also & getting ready to leave tomorrow.

Sept. 27. We had a fine day & I was up at Dunbar's & mules didn't get up yet.

Sept. 28 (Sunday). We had a fine day & I was up at ranch & I & Slaton & Tuly took a ride to the burying ground to Francisco's grave. & met John Kilbride & (he) was drunk & the mules got up also.

Sept. 29. We had a fine day & left at 8 o'clock & went to San Dagomugo (Domingo?) & stopped 5 hours & then went to Quitoraquito & stopped overnight.

(Concluded in next issue.)

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